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NATIONAL REVIEW

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February 15, 1956

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Reminiscences of A Middle-Class Radical, II

JOHN DOS PASSOS

The Hughes Trial

H. L. Mencken, R.I.P.

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Articles and Reviews by · · · · JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

RUSSELL KIRK · SAM M. JONES · FREDA UTLEY

JAMES BURNHAM · A. H. HOBBS · ROY CAMPBELL

#13

from WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

On the Verge

Only Soviet Russia or Red China can say with certainty whether we are "on the verge" again. Many observers here feel that we are as close as, or closer than, at any time since the Indo-China crisis.

". . . No Bigger than a Man's Hand."

Automobile sales (at any price) have forced Administration economists to recognize that overproduction is not necessarily beneficial or self-sustaining. The word "depression" has long been taboo but the economic star-gazers, governmental and private, are now discovering a variety of gentle symptoms to suggest that booms can get tired out just like people. When that happens, some economists contend, a little inflation now and then provides the best rest cushion for booms and men.

Knowland Gains

Independent observers in several geographical areas important to Republicans report that Knowland is the only GOP contender whose chances have materially improved in the past month.

Welfare Works Projects

Secretary Folsom's plan for a broadened health and welfare program, under the primary auspices of private insurance companies, will take months of study. It will then be necessary to have Congress go over the anti-trust laws (for the protection of underwriters). Such cooperation being most unlikely, the Administration will probably switch back to its earlier plea for federal reinsurance--with only slightly less unfavorable chances of congressional approval.

Knee-Deep in $$$

In recent weeks an unparalleled rain of dollars put the Republican Treasury in its strongest position in party history. Receipts from the "Salute to Eisenhower" dinners alone netted some five million dollars. Half of this remains in the states of origin. The balance goes to the Republican National Committee, National Republican Senatorial Committee and National Republican Congressional Committee for campaign expenses.

Democratic Money Prospects

The Democratic war chest was down to a measly $150,000 last week, but party chieftains speak with well-justified confidence of raising $7,500,000 between now and November.

Whose Giveaway?

The Republicans have intercepted the Democratic pass and are carrying the ball on farm legislation. But this is one giveaway program the Democrats want for their very own; and a new Democratic strategy is in formation to switch labels on the Administration agricultural program. The objective is to show the bewildered farmer that his benefits derive from a Democratic Congress. This may take some doing but the ablest Democrats, including Senators Russell, Ellender and Anderson, will be in there tackling.

With Both Barrels

While Michigan's Governor "Soapy" Williams was condemning in Washington the Administration's $250 million school construction program as "a drop in the bucket," Senator Byrd of Virginia was mercifully admininstering the coup de grace to the bill. The Senator's opposition is based on states' rights as well as economic grounds. The bill may linger until adjournment.

Alas, Poor Dixon-Yates!

Dixon-Yates will suffer another resurrection on February 20 when the Senate Judiciary Committee meets to name a special prosecutor in the incredible case.

Wiley in Trouble

Senator Wiley of Wisconsin is facing double trouble in his bid for re-election: several Republican aspirants for his Senate seat are popping up and the Democrats are preparing to concentrate their 1956 campaign efforts in Wisconsin on electing a Senator.

NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

The communiqués issued by President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Eden at the close of their Washington talks are about what might have been expected. They deplore the successes of Soviet aggression, reaffirm their faith in the various treaty organizations set up as counterweights by the free world, and declare their intention to persevere in their efforts to free enslaved peoples and secure "just and lasting peace." But they "reject any thought that the cleavage . . . should be resolved by force." Thus far, they are right where they started. But there is an ominous hint that one of the few weapons left them may be abandoned. The controls on trade with the enemy are "to be reviewed now and then periodically as to their scope . . . . " Time may prove that Mr. Eden has won out in his demand for increased trade with Communist China.

We rejoice that the President discarded Bulganin's proposal so summarily, and we rejoice, too, that certain neutralists, here and abroad, applauded the gesture. We have not heard, as yet, from the Soviet Union. But we fear that their response will be along the following lines: Why, they will ask, do you continue to state you believe in coexistence, and then rebuke us when we propose a non-aggression pact? Such a retort from the Kremlin is, under the circumstances, unanswerable. Or did the President mean to reject, along with Bulganin's proposal, coexistence itself? That would be news indeed.

It won't be long now before we can scrap our diplomatic protest machinery and turn to the United Nations for help and redress when the Soviet press charges us with fairy tale misdeeds such as dropping fully equipped groups of "capitalist, imperialist espionage agents" into suburban Omsk or of plastering North Korea with death-dealing bugs. We will merely appeal to the United Nations Convention on the International Right of Correction—and watch what happens. The Convention, now approved by Yugoslavia, Egypt and Cuba, three of the six nations necessary for ratification, "sets up procedures for correcting false news reports capable of injuring friendly relations between states," according to an AP dispatch of **February 1.**

Excerpt from Ralph de Toledano's broadcast January 29, over WABC, on the Hughes case:

"Here, in open court, was the double standard of political morality—and with a vengeance. Yet the newspapers which moralized so exquisitely over Senator McCarthy's methods did not thunder. The editorials which should have come as a matter of course were somehow never written. A Liberal friend of mine summarized it best. He said, 'What an outcry there would have been if Joe McCarthy had pulled a boner like this.' It proves what is rapidly becoming a rule of American politics. Right and wrong, sadly enough, has become a question of whose ox is gored."

The return of Judge Robert Morris to Washington to act as chief counsel for the Senate Committee on Internal Security is heartening news, for anti-Communists. Two years ago, Judge Morris was elected to the bench, in New York City, but his involvement with traffic violators and wifebeaters never diverted his attention from the arena where the crucial battle is being fought. He is a veteran of the Rapp-Coudert investigation, the Tydings investigation, the IPR investigation, and others. He takes experience, competence, and dignity with him. He needs them for he has elected, inevitably, to fight not only the Communists, but the Liberals.

Fans on Tenterhooks

If Mr. Eisenhower delays much longer his decision whether or not to run for a second term, he may drive his supporters to hysteria. There are already signs of it in the New York *Herald Tribune's* front-page editorial of January 30 pleading with the President to heed "the call of this nation and free men everywhere," and run. Although Mr. Eisenhower was reported to have read this urgent plea, he was also reported to have done so without comment. Its anxious authors remain unenlightened.

And not only on that point. The *Herald Tribune's* editors seem to be in the throes of that blind Western optimism referred to elsewhere in these pages ("Silent Senior Partner"). With more grandiloquence than logic they argue that Mr. Eisenhower's leadership has brought the world to within a few minutes of the Millennium—maybe. They say:

> The United States and the free world today stand poised between an era of unprecedented freedom and the dark portent of an age of slavery.

Now it may be an optical illusion, but from where we sit the world is not poised; it is slipping, and as Mr. Schlamm demonstrated last week in some detail ("Foreign Trends"), it is slipping fast—toward the age of slavery. Whatever else may be said of Mr. Eisenhower, a deep understanding of the nature and aims of the Communist enemy is not one of his qualifications. Far from achieving "peace without appeasement," all that he has achieved thus far is appeasement without peace—witness the Korean Armistice, the Indo-China surrender, the Communist-fomented disorders in the Middle East, North Africa, Southeast Asia. And faced with Communist gains on all continents in the past year, he has so far offered no more promising counteraction than the tired demand for more billions in foreign aid.

Perhaps Mr. Eisenhower, if he runs—and wins—may eventually decide that the way to deal with Communism is to oppose it in such fashion as the Republican Party proposed in its 1952 Platform, instead of appeasing it in the hope of a peace which it will never —and in its very nature cannot—concede. But the time is short and the longer the decision against coexistence is postponed the less hope there is that the free world will survive.

Israel and the Elections

Harry S. Truman, by admirers and critics alike, has always been known as a "practical politician"—by which phrase is generally meant a man who will do anything for a vote. His claim to the label has once more been upheld, this time by the call for arms to Israel which he, together with Eleanor Roosevelt (no slouch herself as a "practical politician") and Walter Reuther, has tossed into the 1956 election campaign. The manner and timing of the appeal proves that this power-hungry trio is ready to risk the security of the nation in one of the world's most vital and most acutely threatened areas if thereby it can swing to its Party's column a few extra Zionist votes in the big cities.

This move is in obvious response to a Zionist propaganda campaign the intensity of which has been steadily mounting since the announcement that Egypt was to receive arms from Czechoslovakia. Just prior to the Truman-Roosevelt-Reuther call, large paid advertisements in leading national newspapers featured the names of hundreds of persons, Christian as well as Jewish, as endorsing the current Zionist slogans.

We do not in the least suggest that it is improper for an American to put forward, within the framework of his fundamental American loyalty, a point of view on the Middle East that favors Israel rather than the Arabs. The problem of the Middle East is too difficult for any man to be altogether certain that he has the correct solution for it—if there is a solution. But we regard it as a political crime if an American adopts such a point of view solely on the basis of political greed. Our policy for the Middle East—with its oil wells, its airfields and its perhaps decisive geographic position—should be addressed solely to the security and strategic interests of our country.

From that standpoint the question of Israel recedes into a perspective very different from that of the struggle for New York's or Michigan's electoral votes. In this geopolitical context, Israel is then seen to be just one small enclave in the great band of Islamic and Arabic states that stretches from Indonesia to Morocco. Objectively considered, Israel has no special claim on the solicitude or good offices of the United States, nor do we as a nation have any peculiar obligation to it. Within the problem of the larger region, when judged by our national interest, the strategic question of Israel is subordinate to the question of the Arab and other Islamic states. Our guiding aim should be to find a program and a strategy that will block Communist advance in the Islamic regions; that will hold their resources and positions within the anti-Soviet camp; and that will assure that the political, economic and social development of the peoples of the Middle East proceeds in our company, not Moscow's.

Silent Senior Partner

The new Premier of France is for all practical purposes a creature of French Communism. Monsieur Guy Mollet's government has been confirmed by a vote of 420 to 71, with 83 abstentions. Of the 420 affirmative votes, 151 were cast by the Communist Party. In other words, if the Communists had voted against him, he would have been 18 votes short of the necessary majority of the whole Chamber.

M. Mollet's nervous protest that he owes them no debt gives exactly the impression the Communists are anxious to give. Moscow's directives call for hiding, rather than displaying, Communist advances in the West. It is regrettable that so much of the Western press is prepared to participate in Moscow's masquerade ball.

There is considerable danger that blind Western optimism is paralyzing our faculty for realistic appraisal. (One prominent Paris correspondent, Mr. Robert C. Doty of the *New York Times,* went so far as to appear to be congratulating M. Mollet on his dependence on Communism! "By *skillful* management and a *carefully worded* policy statement," he wrote, Mollet "*won also* the votes of the Communists.") Indispensable to eventual Communist success in Western Europe is a carefully nurtured American ignorance. The indifference of the Liberal press to what has just now happened in France—namely, the election of the Communists' candidate as President of the Chamber, and the dependence of the Premier of France on Communist support—will, at some future time, be conceded to have been a major Communist victory.

Professor Douglas: 2 + 2 = 22

For a sometime full professor of economics, Senator Douglas shows a positively whimsical approach to basic arithmetic when he shouts that passage of the Fulbright-Harris Bill, which comes to a vote in Congress any day now, would cost the American residential gas consumer an additional $800 million next year. The purpose of the Fulbright-Harris Bill is to strip the government of some of its power to control gas prices at the wellhead.

Chalk and ruler in hand, let's face the blackboard, Professor Douglas, and look at the facts. According to the Bureau of Mines, the average price to residential consumers for natural gas (in 1954) was 89.3 cents per million cubic feet (mcf), of which the gas producer received a meager 11 per cent—or 9.8 cents. The balance went to pipeline carriers, local distributors, etc.

Consumers are now spending about $1,230 million on gas. If you are correct, Professor, in contending that the gas bill is going to cost the consumer an extra $800 million, then you are saying, in effect, that the price of their gas will rise 65 per cent, or 58.4 cents per mcf. Since the Fulbright-Harris Bill has nothing to do with the price of gas once it gets into the pipeline, you are saying that the gas producers are going to increase their price from 9.8 cents to 58.4 cents—or about 715 per cent.

In the first place, Professor, they won't. It's a competitive industry, and they couldn't possibly get away with it. In the second place, if they did, they'd be run out of business by competing fuels, such as oil, electricity, and coal.

So relax. And treat yourself to a refresher in elementary economics. The Congress that heard you go on and on for four days on the Fulbright-Harris Bill would undoubtedly vote a special appropriation to send you back to school.

Again the Formosa Straits

Reports over the past two weeks indicate heavier military action in the Formosa Straits than for many months past. Both sides agree that there have been artillery exchanges totalling hundreds of rounds each. Both also mention airplane battles, and the Communists claim two Nationalist planes shot down. Taiwan states that bombing runs have been successfully carried out against both island positions and small ship concentrations; and that Communist-held islands have been raided with the resultant capture of prisoners and munitions.

On January 30, Peiping let loose a propaganda blast against Chiang Kai-shek and Secretary Dulles. The Communist resolution to get Formosa was reaffirmed, with the open declaration that if peaceful means failed, it would be by war.

Three weeks ago in NATIONAL REVIEW, Mr. Burnham, in his periodic disguise as the Kremlin's "Intelligence Section," suggested to "The Secretariat," after reviewing Secretary Dulles' *Life* article, "that we stage an obvious but not irrevocable provocation to test the present tension of the enemy's will." The renewal of action off Kinmen (Quemoy) and the Matsus suggests that his imaginary report may have been remarkably close to the presumed original.

Through these actions, treated primarily as intelligence forays, the Communists will be able to feel out the kind of resistance that they can expect to meet if they expand the scale of operations in that area, or for that matter elsewhere. It would seem likely that in order to complete their test they will soon press somewhat farther—perhaps seize one of the smaller islets of the Matsu group, in order to study the reaction.

If they meet no more serious response than has been made so far, either in the Straits or in aroused American public opinion, then it is quite possible that they will move on fairly quickly to the seizure of the two principal coastal islands. If this succeeded, no amount of sophistry could hide the fact not only that the Communist conquest of Formosa was well under way but on a world scale the Communist retention of the initiative is unimpaired.

Where Does He Come In?

Marshall MacDuffie used to work for Sullivan & Cromwell, the powerful New York law firm of which Secretary of State Dulles was once a member. In 1946 Mr. MacDuffie headed the UNRRA mission to the Ukraine, where he met, among others, the then rather obscure Nikita Khrushchev. MacDuffie returned brimful of enthusiasm for "Soviet-American friendship."

One member of this Ukraine mission, John Fischer, now editor of *Harper's* magazine, produced a book about it: *Why They Behave Like Russians,* which was chosen by the Book of the Month Club. Because he felt that some of Fischer's text was inhospitably critical of Communist ways, MacDuffie spent weeks trying to block the Book of the Month Club distribution.

He took time out to appear on the Madison Square Garden platform as friend and fellow speaker of Andrei Vishinsky, prosecutor of the Moscow Purge Trials.

As American opinion toward Moscow hardened, MacDuffie dropped rather out of sight. In 1953 he suddenly reappeared with a well publicized trip back to the Soviet Union, to see what great strides Russia was making under the enlightened leadership of his old pal, Khrushchev. This trip he reported in articles written for *Collier's* and *Look,* and in a book, *The Red Carpet,* that found much hope in the new post-Stalin Russia.

And last year, there he was as first counsel to the Hennings Committee for its inquiry into the dangers of anti-Communism, a post which, after a mysterious quarrel with someone, he relinquished in mid-course.

Now MacDuffie pops up again, in the headlined account of his three hour and ten minute interview with Comrade Khrushchev which once more displays the Soviet leaders as dripping with benevolence, above all with friendship for President Eisenhower.

During the interview MacDuffie carried on various negotiations on such subjects as the Soviet wives of American citizens.

We would like to ask: Just what goes on? Aren't some of these activities, particularly the last, rather curious for a private citizen? Or isn't MacDuffie a private citizen? And if he isn't, whose agent is he, ours or theirs? A three hour and ten minute interview between MacDuffie and a congressional committee would give him a chance to answer such questions.

Learning from Paul Hoffman

In the bargaining between Westinghouse and Carey's IUE, the central issue has come down to management's right to manage. On all other disputed matters Westinghouse has announced a willingness to compromise; on its right to manage, it says (rightly), it cannot compromise.

Westinghouse wishes to reorganize the duties of its "day employees," by which it means those persons who are not themselves in production but render service to those who are. Too much money is being spent on "day employees," says Westinghouse flatly, and something is going to be done about it. Carey does not want any tampering with the status quo.

By coincidence, Studebaker-Packard has just announced a revised contract with the UAW for its division at South Bend. The contract, under negotiation since last summer, embodies a determined attempt by the company to recapture certain rights of management that were heedlessly abandoned when Paul G. Hoffman, now chairman of the Fund for the Republic, was the Studebaker boss. The new contract was narrowly approved by the union—2,456 to 2,139. It is easier for a company to surrender its right to manage than to recapture it. And this, evidently, Westinghouse is well aware of.

The Rapture of Mr. Rovere

Some Americans clearly feel cramped when writing for an American audience—as a glance at some of the articles and speeches they write for consumption far away from home reveals. Never, for example, is the light in Mr. Richard Rovere's eyes quite so bright as when he fondles his dream for a perfect America in foreign publications.

A few weeks ago, for example, Mr. Rovere attempted to explain to Englishmen, in the *Spectator,* about the Egghead Movement here in America—a revolt of the Intellectuals against the Philistines; the dawn of the new era, led by Adlai Stevenson. "To speak of 'Stevenson's following,' " wrote Mr. Rovere, "is really to speak of a new American class, a kind of elite that has appointed Stevenson its spokesman . . . The term 'egghead' has been coined as a designation for the type, and it is fitting at least in the emphasis it places on one part of the anatomy . . . The really potent elements in Stevenson's following are . . . the thousands who, among our millions of recipients of higher education, have been permanently affected by the liberalizing influences of the universities, the prevailing liberal tone in our literature, and by the general respect for such things as wit and good prose that a liberal education is supposed to inculcate.

"Anyone who keeps a weather eye on American political life these days," Mr. Rovere continues ecstatically, "is familiar with the young woman running a Democratic mimeograph machine or distributing its output and brightening at the mention of some recent polemic in *Harper's,* some recent triumph of the New York City Center Ballet Company, or some new and startlingly advanced theory of nursery behavior. It so happens that in the village in which I live, she and her formidable brothers and sisters [at the last election] . . . turned out all but one of the Republican officeholders and in January will begin supervising our roads, running our schools, directing our constable, collecting our taxes, presiding at the tribunal of the Justice of the Peace"—indeed, indoctrinating our students, regulating economic activity, prescribing the limits of tolerable opinion. Or, as Mr. Rovere might sum it up, liberalizing our lives, that we may live in harmony with the eggheads.

Pennies from Children

Poor Mr. Ralph A. Mazzei—his days are numbered.

Mr. Mazzei has been substituting for the regular principal of the Horace Mann School (a public elementary school in North Bergen, New Jersey) who is away on sabbatical leave. Last week, Mr. Mazzei summarily abolished a student "saving" program that had been in operation for fifteen years, under which the students poured their pennies and dimes (at the rate of over a thousand dollars a month) into buying U.S. Savings Bonds.

Mr. Mazzei explained that "money too easily procured leads to waste and extravagance on the part of some public officials." He saw no reason, he said, why the students of North Bergen, New Jersey, should be instrumental in "saddling" future generations with the burden of a rising national debt. Let the government, he said in effect, earn its own way and, he implied, if it is going to borrow money, to subsidize inflation, let it borrow the money of those old enough to know what they're doing.

As anyone might have guessed, the roof has fallen in on Mr. Mazzei. A Treasury Department official, tossing every available cliché into a single sentence, said huffily that the program is "designed to teach children thrift, sound financial practices and patriotic service while fostering good citizenship and a sound national economy." The mayor of North Bergen, the president of the Board of Education, and parents and teachers in general are so exercised that, we predict, they will have it out of Mr. Mazzei's hide before they are through. The government will get back its thousand a month.

And the children will be inculcated in the notion that thrift, sound financial practice, patriotism, and good citizenship reside in enabling the government to live beyond its means.

Amen

"As we all know today," a reader—a devoted reader, we are proud to say—writes us, "conservatives are continuously being told to put up or shut up. What's your program? Where are your blueprints? I think it might do a lot of good for you to point out, editorially, that it has been during the past fifty years or so that most of the vitally important, truly crucial decisions—the decisions that are directly responsible for giving us the kind of world which we find ourselves in today, right now—were made. In other words, history, especially bad history, can't be reversed merely by waving a good book at it. There are times when about all anybody can do is try to keep principle alive, and hope that the disease has not yet reached its terminal stage. Picking up the pieces is not very glamorous, not much fun. But there are periods in history when the most useful, the most honorable thing one can do is to put one's back into the not very exciting business of removing compost piles and pointing out, doggedly, the long hard roads to private integrity and national health."

The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Let's take up where we left off last week: with the possibility that the Liberal machine is in the process of rethinking its line on civil liberties. And let's fix attention on a series of articles now running in the *New Republic* under the general title, "The State of Our Civil Liberties." Partly because it confirms our guess last week that the machine is about to decide — and not only decide but publicly admit — that things are going its way as far as civil liberties are concerned. And partly because it brings out into the open — as the machine, in general, has *not* been doing of late — the real bent and meaning of the Liberal line on some other closely related questions. And partly and not least because of the light it throws on the character and inner workings of the machine itself, and how, in spite of itself, it turns up now and then, and cannot decorously conceal, a nugget of something called Truth.

The author of the series, a young scholar who teaches political theory at Haverford College (and who, incidentally, has the machine a good deal deeper in his debt than it has ever got around to acknowledging), is named John P. Roche. And, in connection with the series, as Mr. Roche rather indiscreetly begins by explaining, there is first a tale to tell:

A year ago the *New Republic* asked Mr. Roche to undertake the series, and discussed with him its "scope and direction." (Translation: the machine commissioned him to write some articles affirming the Liberal line on the state of our civil liberties.)

Mr. Roche brought to his negotiations with the *New Republic* two convictions: that American freedom was on the downgrade and that American liberties are today "considerably more circumscribed" than, say, fifty years ago. (Translation: the editors' selection of Mr. Roche as author of the prospective series was not precisely an accident.)

Mr. Roche began to work through "material on the issues" and — or rather but — found himself "increasingly uncertain" about his "framework of analysis." (Translation: when he went to the documents he discovered that the Liberal line on the state of our civil liberties is a whopping big fib, for which no documentation is to be found.) For some while, therefore, he stalled off the editors' "importune requests," so that he could make an "intensive investigation" of the history of American nonconformism. (Translation: the editors simply couldn't understand — after all, their other writers don't act like that — why he didn't just sit down and write the series, the findings of which were a foregone conclusion.) (Further translation: the history of civil liberties is one and the same thing with non-conformism. [Of this, more next week]).

Roche Discovers America

Mr. Roche — to begin with, anyhow — lets his employers down as easy as we might expect a professor at Quaker-founded Haverford to try to do. The civil liberties millenium, he concedes, is not yet. We still have far to go: if the "standard of freedom is to keep on moving forward," there will have to be continued struggle by "thousands of dedicated individuals." (Translation: the moment has not yet come when the Liberals can say to one another that they, unhindered and unopposed, are getting their way about civil liberties.) *But*: we are *not* moving downhill from a Golden Age, but rather up and up — from lynching and the tar-pot toward impartial justice [which, as we shall see next week, Mr. Roche regards as a "myth"] and the rule of law. And recognizing this involves "substantial revision of much current liberal thinking on . . . civil liberties." (Translation: the line is so far out of touch with the facts that it has to be slightly changed, even if this means admitting that it has hitherto misrepresented the facts.)

Concretely, Mr. Roche's thesis is that "American freedom has never been as firmly established or as broadly shared as it is today." But let us, for the remainder of this week's class hour, let Mr. Roche speak entirely for himself.

"We are accustomed . . . to extol the 'grass-roots' freedom of the early American scene . . . the . . . town meeting, the spontaneous democracy of the frontier. . . . Too often we forget that the other side of the direct democracy was the direct democracy of the lynching . . . [There] was little to protect the unpopular citizen from the wrath of his enraged neighbors.

A Compulsory Tea Party

"Sincere obeisance has always been paid to the principles of freedom of speech, press, assembly, and opinion . . . . But few . . . have looked with kindness upon those who challenged the established order. . . . [Crusaders] for now-forgotten enthusiasms . . . all felt the scourge of the great god numbers . . . A close reading of American social history leaves one with the ineradicable conviction that tar and feathers was standard armament for 'grass-roots' democracy.

"In recent years however there has been . . . easing of pressure against non-conformity. The Negro, the trade union organizer, the radical, *even the Communist*, have rights today that were non-existent, or *at best* fragmentary, 30 years ago." (Italics mine. Don't overlook the significance of Mr. Roche's examples, for remember it isn't really civil liberties we are talking about, but the peculiar concept of civil liberties that the Liberals are out to put across. And don't overlook either the clear implication—wrapped up in those words "at best" — that for Communists to have " nonfragmentary" rights is all to the good.)

"I have little sympathy for the imprisoned Communists. Compared with the treatment [of] . . . authentic radicals in 1918, they have merely attended a compulsory tea party . . . I save my tears for those who have suffered genuine martyrdom in the cause of human freedom."

Look again at that last sentence. Does its sloppy syntax suggest that the Communist fight may be in the cause of freedom? As to this, we shall see more next week.

Reminiscences of A Middle-Class Radical, II

Coming back from World War One the author found Bohemia in revolt. Returning from World War Two he found its language that of entrenched power

JOHN DOS PASSOS

It's hard to overestimate the revulsion wrought by the first world war in the minds of a generation that had grown up in the years of comparative freedom and comparative peace that opened the century. It's hard to remember in the middle fifties today that in those years what little military service there was in America was voluntary, that taxes were infinitesimal, that if you could scrape up the price of a ticket you could travel anywhere in the world except through Russia and Turkey, without saying boo to a bureaucrat. If you wanted to take a job it was nobody's business but yours and the boss's. Of course, as the labor people were busily pointing out, if you worked in a sweat shop for a pittance and happened to starve to death in the process it was nobody's business either. When Woodrow Wilson led the country into the European war, however little we approved this reversal of American tradition, most of us just out of college were crazy to see what war was like. We experienced to the full the intoxication of the great conflagration, though those of us who served as enlisted men could hardly be expected to take kindly to soldiering, to the caste system which made officers a superior breed or to the stagnation and opportunism of military bureaucracy. Waste of time, waste of money, waste of lives, waste of youth. We came home with the horrors. We had to blame somebody.

The reformers we admired, the Bull Moose people, the Progressives from Wisconsin, Eugene V. Debs and the old-time Populists, had tended to blame everything that went wrong on malefactors of great wealth. Capitalism was the bogey that was destroying civilization. Cut the businessman's profits, we said. Production for use. We thrilled to the word cooperative. Industrial democracy was the refrain of our song. In Europe we had picked up some of the slogans of Marxists and syndicalists. We agreed with them that democratic self-government had sold out to capital. Capitalism was the sin that had caused the war; only the working class was free from crime.

Most of us had been brought up in easy circumstances. If we were enlisted men in the army we found ourselves suddenly instead of top dog, bottom dog. An enlightening experience, but we couldn't help some cries of pain. We came home with the feeling that bottom dog must be boss. We must restore self-government at home. If the people had had their way none of these disasters would have happened.

The Revolt of Bohemia

Greenwich Village met us at the dock. American Bohemia was in revolt against Main Street, against the power of money, against Victorian morals. Freedom was the theme. Freedom from hard collars, from the decalogue, from parental admonitions. For Greenwich Village art and letters formed an exclusive cult. The businessman could never understand. It was part of the worldwide revolt of artists and would-be artists and thinkers and would-be thinkers against a society where most of the rewards went to people skillful in the manipulation of money. The would-be artists and writers felt out of it. The revolt of Bohemia was the last eddy in the ebb of the romantic flood that had flowed in various great waves through the literature of nineteenth-century Europe. When artists and writers found it hard to make themselves a niche in industrial society they repudiated the whole business. Greenwich Village was their refuge, the free commune of Montmartre on American soil. *Les bourgeois à la lanterne.*

Greenwich Village wanted freedom and so did the working class. Only the people who worked in factories wanted freedom from certain very definite things, especially from low pay and bad conditions of work. They wanted to be treated as first class citizens the way businessmen were. Greenwich Villagers, mostly the sons and daughters of professional people, clergymen and lawyers and doctors, felt a sudden kinship with the working class. Of all strata of society only the artists and writers and the people who worked with their hands were pure. Together they would overturn the businessman and become top dog themselves. From the alliance between the trade unions and Greenwich Village the American radical was born.

The war had left an aftermath of ruin. Dislocated populations were starving and sick. The apocalyptic vision of capitalism's collapse that had haunted the working people of Europe was coming true. Revolution was the cure. Only a complete new order could bring health and cleanness back into the world. It was ordained by the march of progress. Only the bankers and industrialists and the old feudal hierarchies stood in the way of the millennium. In Russia the Soviets had seized power. To the artists and writers of Greenwich Village the Soviets were New England town meeting on a larger scale. Self-government come to life again. Through the Soviets the people who did the work of the world would conduct their own affairs. War was ruining civilization. Everywhere the plain people wanted peace. Only the bankers and businessmen had profited by the war. Merchants of death. Down with the bankers and businessmen. With the working class in power, peace would be assured.

From sometime during the spring of 1926 or from the winter before a recollection keeps rising to the surface. The protest meeting is over and I'm standing on a set of steps looking into the faces of the people coming out of the hall. I'm frightened by the tense righteousness of the faces. Eyes like a row of rifles aimed by a firing squad. Chins thrust forward into the icy night. It's almost in marching step that they stride out into the street. It's the women I remember most, their eyes searching out evil through narrowed lids. There's something threatening about this unanimity of protest. They are so sure they are right.

I agree with their protest: I too was horrified by this outrage. I'm not one either to stand by and see injustice done. But do I agree enough? A chill goes down my spine. Do they frighten me because I'm really among the oppressors, because there is some little mustard seed of doubt in my mind about the value of their protest? Maybe I'm not sure enough that I'm on the right side. Evil is so various.

Whenever I remember the little scene I tend to turn it over in my mind. Why did my hackles rise at the sight of the faces of these good people coming out of the hall?

Was it a glimpse of the forming of a new class conformity that like all class conformities was bent on riding the rest of us?

The Marxists who are so skillful in the detection and the isolation of heresies used to inveigh against one particular heresy that pleased me particularly. They called it American exceptionalism. During these years of mounting protest against the way things were going in America that label was my refuge.

The Communists had an answer: revolution according to Marx. In this country they were then a small sect striving without too much success to form their own unions. Their strength was that they had a definite set of convictions they held to with religious fervor. Their movement offered men and women who subjected themselves to the discipline dedicated careers, the self-righteous assurance that they were better than other men, and that sense of participation in history that takes the place of religion for the Marxist. Their weakness was that they had no way of appealing to the desire for personal independence and to the basic creed that there should be fair play for all, which, thank God, is just as strong among American working people as it is in the rest of the population.

Outside of the foreign language groups, still subject to the millennial illusions they had brought with them from Europe, they weren't making much headway in the labor movement. Their great success lay, as it does today, in the skill with which they managed to direct the thinking of half-educated and inexperienced young people among Americans of middle-class origin.

Big Government Grows

The political act I have most regretted in my life was voting for Franklin D. Roosevelt for a third term. There seemed no alternative at the time. I certainly had misgivings. Now I know how wrong I was.

On his first reelection in 1936 I had voted for him with enthusiasm. It was the year of his greatest glamour. The New Deal in its early days had brought the country back to life. Even in the late twenties, when my political thinking came nearest to the Marxist theory of predestined revolution, I had consoled myself with the heresy of "American exceptionalism." Here was a President who was a skillful enough political prestidigitator to prove that America was exceptional. The financial regulators of the economy had been shifted from Wall Street to Washington without anybody's firing a shot.

The federal government became a storehouse of power that dwarfed the fabled House of Morgan that had been the bogey of our youth. When you add to the coercive powers of government, the power of the purse and a standing army, you have a situation that would have alarmed even the most authoritarian statesmen of our early history. The trouble with immense political power of course is that no man is good enough to wield it. It's the fear of the loss of power that lets the evil in. Consciously or unconsciously, Roosevelt could find no other way of consolidating the vast power—a hundredfold greater than that of any President before him—that the success of the New Deal measures brought him, than by leading the country into war. "War," Randolph Bourne wrote many years ago, "is the health of the state."

There may have been no way for us to keep out of the war in Europe but there was no excuse for the way we went into it, or for the insane lack of statesmanlike foresight with which the war was conducted from Washington.

In spite of all my telling myself it was my business to stay home, before long I found myself climbing into a war correspondent's uniform. I knew that the people who would really tell about the war were the young men and possibly the young women who were undergoing it, but the temptation just to take a look was too strong.

A war correspondent in World War Two led a delightful life. He could go almost anywhere just by expressing the wish. The Army and Navy transport systems were his magic carpet. All the services were keen for public relations. I occasionally wondered what the enlisted men thought of me when I went around to see them fresh from the comforts of the officers' clubs. Poor devils, they were remarkably civil.

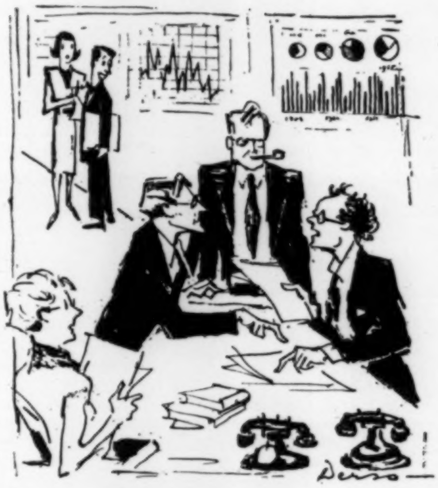
I found the young people in the services immensely appealing, but so much milder than the young men I'd known in the European war. I missed the high spirit, the feeling of crazy adventure, and yet the young men of this war had the whole world for their sphere. It didn't seem to interest them much. In the European war we sang all the time. Nobody made up any songs any more.

The Pacific was a revelation. Everybody had always told me that one of the worst things about American society was the crude way we discriminated against people of colors other than white. In Hawaii even under the dislocations of wartime I had a glimpse of a community where relations between the various races had taken a most unexpected turn. At the university there seemed to be no racial discrimination at all. Stratifications did exist, but not those that fitted in with the preconceptions of the New York radicals. The wealthy white offspring of the early missionaries seemed to be at the top. Then came the rare native Hawaiians, then the various riffraff of white newcomers from the continent, then the Chinese with their skill in amassing money. The Japanese made up the lower middle class. The Portuguese, my people, who were the latest comers, were bottom dog. On the whole these islands seemed to be a museum of successful accommodation between different races and cultures. All anybody had ever told me about it before I got there was the wicked exploitation of labor by the sugar and pineapple kings. Our record in the few territories outside the United States where we have had to deal with mixed and various races deserves a better press than it has had. In some ways it is unique in modern history.

Secretary Forrestal

Another prejudice the Pacific cleared out of my mind was my enlisted man's prejudice against professional Army officers. Secretary James Forrestal had said during my short interview with him in Washington that the two things that had surprised and heartened him most had been the deep traditional selfless patriotism of the old-line Army and Navy men, and the fact that Americans could produce military brains. I began to understand what he meant. I came home with a deep respect for many of the professionals of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. The two great American inventions of the war, the floating base and the amphibious landing, were the work of no mean intellects.

It's hard to describe the immense lift it gave you to feel that at last, in spite of the petty bickerings and the false moves so costly in lives that seem unavoidable in wartime, you were among fellow citizens who were coping with new situations. It was only by coping with new situations, and coping with them fast, that we could preserve the essentials of our civilization in peace as well as in war. "We'll find the brains for the postwar problems too," Forrestal had said so jauntily. Maybe we would.



Forrestal's was one of the great organizing minds behind the military victories. No man has ever been broken by overwork. It is frustration, disillusionment and despair that shatters a man's will to live. He had found the military brains. It was discovering he couldn't "find the brains for postwar problems too" that broke him. He was one of the few men in public office who saw the Abominable Snowmen. Long before the fighting stopped he understood that the peace would be a greater disaster for American aims than Pearl Harbor. As Secretary of Defense he beat his spirit to pieces against the massive incomprehension of the men he had to deal with in the government until in the agony of a ruined mind, that night in the Bethesda Naval Hospital, he could find no way to go on living.

The soldier coming home from the wars has always had a tough time. The fact of killing has carried a sort of catharsis with it. The fighting man's mind isn't distorted by hatred as the stay-at-home civilian's is. He usually comes home with a commonsense outlook on what he's been through. Though in the first war the nearest I had gotten to combat was driving an ambulance, I can remember very clearly how hard the returned doughboy found it to talk to civilians. We found people back home still all hopped up with German atrocities and brave little Belgium. Their thinking was frozen in the mold of the inter-allied propaganda. We knew that atrocities were universal in war. We tried to explain how the fighting man felt. It got so that to keep out of arguments we only talked frankly among ourselves. In that case a reaction set in. In two or three years the wartime psychology had melted away and the returned soldier, against loud opposition we mustn't forget, was allowed to have his say.

Entrenched "Protest"

I found myself equally at cross purposes with the stay-at-homes when I got back from World War Two. Those of us who protested against the abdication of the American will to victory were talked down whenever we raised our voices. The wartime obsessions, though they never reached the depth of hysteria of the wartime obsessions of the first war, lingered on in the public mind year after year.

The language of protest of the old-time Greenwich Village radicals had become the language of an entrenched political party. Many an old radical had the amusing and somewhat alarming experience of finding himself hoist by his own petard. We had run mad for government ownership of this and that and for trade unions and for a minimum wage and unemployment relief because we thought those things would increase the happiness and dignity of the majority of men. A great many of the things we had argued for had come to pass under the New Deal in the United States and under the Labor government in England. They had become established institutions flanked by all the vested interests that fact implies. When some of us, still applying the standards we had learned in trying to defend Sacco and Vanzetti and the Harlan miners, the Spanish Republicans and a hundred other less publicized victims of oppression of one sort or another, started looking with a critical but not necessarily unfriendly eye at the new institutions, we got a good shellacking from the defenders of the established order for our pains. The businessman, who used to defend himself with such fury, was now fair game, but you criticized a socialized institution at your own risk.

If some of us, who had seen the Abominable Snowmen, pointed out that the Communist Party was a greater danger to individual liberty than all the old power-mad bankers and industrialists from hell to breakfast, we were promptly written down in the bad books as reactionaries.

The Institutional Mind

In 1927 President Lowell of Harvard, a kindly man of unblemished private life, put his name to the report that sent Sacco and Vanzetti to their death. To his way of thinking an anarchist or Communist—he never managed to get the difference between them through his head—was an agitator capable of any crime. He certainly would have been horrified if you had told him that, in performing what he considered a painful civic duty, he was merely acting in defense of capitalist vested interests. He was applauded for his courage by most of the college presidents of his day.

Today you find that the vested interest is government. Where in my day we used to wisecrack that the colleges were geared to turn out football players and bond salesmen, today you could say that they are turning out football players and bureaucrats. The college man is educated to identify himself with government. I mean with institutional authority. Government, we must remember, has many phases. There is the United States Government; and then there are a host of other governments in fact if not in name, the office forces of the corporations that govern production and the office forces of the trade unions that govern the workingman. The man who values the good opinion of his fellows today is pained by any pert remark that questions the right of the men who sit in the offices to run the lives of the rest of us.

Institutions of learning eternally form the sacred ark in which the ruling dogmas of any particular era are protected from the criticisms of the profane. Remember the Sorbonne in the great days of the canon law. A historian today could make out a very good case for sampling the opinions of college presidents as a way of uncovering the mentality of whatever ruling class is emerging. Since the business of a college president is to raise money, he has to be the type of man who will appeal to those who control the available funds. Forty years ago he had to be congenial with the individual capitalists of the day. Now the money, even when it has the names of individual fortunes still attached to it, is in the hands of institutions. So the college presidents of our day have to have the institutional mentality. How can they help feeling tender toward socialized institutions, whatever form these may take?

The institutional mind drifts naturally into concepts of socialism, which, after all, only means a society run from one central office. The odd tenderness toward Communism and Communist causes, that seems to be felt by a good many men of the foundations and colleges, might be explained along the same lines. Communism is the most vigorous form of control from a central office that exists in the world today.

If the office workers who man these institutions were even neutral in the battle to dislodge the Communists from strategic positions so many of them wouldn't discharge their ire upon the anti-Communists instead of on the Communists, now would they?

Isn't it possible that the same sort of new ruling class that reached power by violent means in the Soviet Union has reached power by peaceful means in this country and England? The New Deal revolution took the management of the economy out of the hands of the capitalist. Revolutions, even though they are brought about by popular pressure, often end by installing some new group in power. Today we are more and more governed, instead of by the old-fashioned politicians, by people who are adept at institutional manipulation. We haven't quite found the terms that describe them exactly. James Burnham took a fling at a definition when he wrote of "the managerial revolution." When we like our new rulers we call them public servants. When we are mad at them we call them bureaucrats. I'm not quarreling with their right to administer. It will be the business of self-government to see that they remain servants of the public, of all the public.

Nobody needs to be told that in atomic energy the rulers of the world have a destructive force in their hands which is virtually absolute. The scientists have handed them over Jove's thunderbolt. The only way to keep a rein on that power is by enforcing the scheme of ethics that has grown up out of Christianity among people of self-governing institutions. The ordinarily decent impulses the ordinary man learned at his mother's knee are our last line of defense against the wickedness of overweening power at home and abroad. In the end the traditional ethics will be the spearhead of the attack that will bring us victory. The Communist cult of power, plain, cannot give men the happiness that they get from conforming to the rules of live and let live, of do unto others as you would be done by, which have been built up through ages of trial and error.

The defections from the Communist world have proved this. Men and women risk their lives daily in search of a moral order based on independent judgment and individual responsibility. The events of the last ten years have proved that a solid scheme of ethics is the most practical thing in the world. Freedom without morals is a negative thing. What we must fight for is the freedom to do right.

Cars and Crafts

To the first person submitting a correct answer to this puzzle, in a letter postmarked from anywhere in Florida, NATIONAL REVIEW *will send a long-playing, twelve-inch recording of Brahms' Symphony No. 2, Van Beinum conducting. The solution will appear next week.*

Five friends are all manufacturers of motor cars. Each has an only son, who owns a car made by one of his father's friends, and whose occupation is indicated by one of the five names, other than his own. Of the sons, the brewer owns a Brewer car and is the namesake of young Brewer's occupation and car. The carpenter's name is not Turner, but he owns a Farmer car.

What is the dyer's name?

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Since Mr. Dulles had *Life* snap a picture of him standing on the "brink," enough time has elapsed to say that the Secretary of State has accomplished at least one of his purposes in having himself caught in that particular pose. Mr. Dulles (or better, the Administration) had two objectives in authorizing the *Life* article—one of them strictly political, the other strategic. The political design was to head off the mounting Liberal assault against Mr. Dulles' person by launching a sweeping *Republican* counter-offensive. Dulles invoked "massive retaliation" against his political foes, and it looks as though his party may have achieved a major breakthrough.

During November and December, NATIONAL REVIEW took pains to point out that Mr. Dulles, incredibly, had been selected to bear the blame for the failure of the U.S. Geneva policy. According to Liberal commentators, Mr. Dulles' "clumsiness" and "blustering" rather than, say, Mr. Eisenhower's naiveté, had caused the rapid deterioration of our international position. A fight was developing that had Dulles on one side and Eisenhower over on the other. The Administration, wanting to stop it quickly, decided to start another—a fight that predictably, and more appropriately, would find Republicans on one side and Democrats over on the other. Moreover, the new fight—if it could be successfully picked—would be on an issue over which plenty of Democratic blood had been spilled in the past.

The *Life* article was about *appeasement*, and its explicit thesis was that Mr. Dulles (ergo, the Administration) is against it. Its implicit thesis, however, was that *only* Mr. Dulles (ergo, *only* the Administration) is against it—the not very subtle point of the second thesis being that Democrats are for appeasement. (The argument that such was the article's "message" hardly needs to be made; suffice it that *Life* represented Dulles' risk-taking as something new and different in American foreign policy, and that the available background for purposes of contrast is past Democratic policy.)

At any rate, Democrats clearly understood who the villain of the piece was—and reacted, as the Administration expected they would, violently. What Dulles & Co. did not anticipate, however (or if so, only in their most wildly optimistic dreams) was that Democrats would permit themselves to be mousetrapped into debating the *wisdom* of non-appeasement. Democrats had two logical counter-thrusts. They might have a) claimed that Dulles had hit below the bipartisan belt (perfectly true) and then turned him over to the Liberal authorities on that count; or b) contended that his policies have, in fact, not deviated substantially from the pattern established by his predecessors (also perfectly true). Democrats might have argued, cogently, that the *theory* of deterring aggression by war, or threat of war, was first proclaimed by Democrats. (It was Franklin Roosevelt's fundamental theme vis-à-vis Nazi Germany, as well as Harry Truman's rationale for the Truman Doctrine.) And they might have added that the *practice* of caving in under pressure had its most recent expressions in two of the three decisions of which Mr. Dulles is proudest—to conclude armistices in Korea and Indo-China.

Instead of doing battle on grounds where they stood a chance, Democrats chose to attack the *theory* of "deterrence through risk of war." This decision, as the tide of battle already indicates, was fatal. Democrats made capital in the press over Dulles' "war" language, but even that advantage cannot possibly be sustained: after all, the "grass-roots" know perfectly well that Mr. Dulles' daring gambles (or whatever they were) produced *peace*.

The main political consequence of the *Life* article is that it has set the stage for a new debate about appeasement. And the incredibly myopic Democratic reaction to Mr. Dulles' offensive may have already handed the election's foreign policy issue to the GOP.

Beyond its political design, the *Life* article's strategic purpose was to discourage, or at least to postpone, a Communist attack on Quemoy and the Matsus. Dulles' message to Peiping was contained in the article's parenthetical comment that Mr. Dulles "never doubted" that Eisenhower meant to defend the offshore islands.

At the time the article was authorized, Dulles knew that the Geneva negotiations between U.S. and Red Chinese ambassadors had reached an impasse and would be broken off momentarily. Immediate reactivation of Communist plans to take the islands by force was therefore anticipated. Dulles wanted Peiping to believe that the U.S. might intervene; yet he was understandably unwilling to commit the Administration to a course of action that most likely will be rejected when the chips are down. Hence, the *Life* medium. Whether Dulles will successfully carry off his bluff, no one can tell.

The Hughes Case

Republicans do not intend to make political hay over the Hughes case. The saga of ADA-Democratic National Committee intrigue has, of course, a vast campaign potential; but so far, not a word has been heard from the GOP congressional campaign committees, or from Len Hall.

The only official GOP acknowledgement of the case appeared in the *Senate Republican Memo*, organ of the Senate GOP Policy Committee. And the background of the *Memo* story is revealing.

The staff director of the Policy Committee caught the sensational implications of Democratic skulduggery the moment the case broke, called them to the attention of two influential conservative members of the Committee, and suggested the case be put on the agenda for the Committee meeting the following day. The two Senators agreed. But no one at the meeting brought the matter up for discussion. Two days later, the *Memo* ran its unendorsed résumé of the case. Later, when asked why the GOP hierarchy declined to come out slugging, one of the Committee members answered: "Brownell." What Republicans fear, of course, is that if the full truth of the Hughes case were to become known, it would reveal substantial involvement of a Republican Attorney General in an ADA effort to discredit a Republican Senator.

Massachusetts

Gov. Herter Seen as Eisenhower's "Reasonable Political Facsimile" if President Fails to Run

SAM M. JONES

If President Eisenhower decides to retire, the Herter Bandwagon will roll overnight. It will be a sleek, high-powered vehicle, specially geared for competitive conditions in the 1956 race for the Republican nomination. Yet Massachusetts' Governor Christian A. Herter is positively not a candidate so long as Eisenhower remains a possibility. In fact, the Governor believes that if the President's health permits, he will run and be re-elected; and Mr. Herter hopes to contribute to that result. The Governor frowns on efforts of well-wishers to make him a contingent candidate. Representative John W. Heselton, who headed Herter's gubernatorial drive in 1954, was promptly reproved when he attempted to initiate a direct mail campaign. State Chairman Elmer Nelson, another enthusiast, reluctantly accepted the Governor's ban on promotional activities.

But there is another side of the picture. Mr. Herter is in the strong, dignified position of not seeking anything (probably not even another term as Governor). He simply is conspicuously available as a reasonable political facsimile of President Dwight Eisenhower if a replacement is needed.

A "Natural" as Successor

The Governor will control the state delegation to the Republican National Convention. As his friends see it, Herter is a "natural" to succeed Ike. He is an internationalist. He takes the Liberal location of "the middle of the road." Eisenhower's friends are his friends: John Foster Dulles, Thomas E. Dewey, Herbert Brownell, Sherman Adams, Sinclair Weeks, Allan Dulles (who lives in Herter's Washington residence), Senator Saltonstall, Joe Martin. As a member of Congress in 1951, Mr. Herter was one of the original Crusade-launchers who journeyed to Paris to convince Eisenhower of his destiny. In recent months the Governor has filled many out-of-state speaking engagements and has been deluged with invitations from every part of the country. The Republican National Committee, acutely sensitive to White House preferences, has booked the Governor for a series of speaking dates in Florida and Michigan during February. Although Herter carefully refrains from "acting like a candidate," his speaking engagements and the quiet meetings with important Republicans serve to widen and deepen his acquaintance among professional politicians.

Standing an impressive six feet five, Governor Herter has both dignity and warmth. Few things are more ingratiating in a political personage than genuine candor, and the Governor has it in disarming quantity. With four children and twelve grandchildren, he meets the political specifications that give high rating to "a man of family."

At sixty, Governor Herter is in good health, although a victim of arthritis. He takes special exercises and his doctors declare that the malady has been fully arrested.

Because he was born in Paris, of American parents, Governor Herter's eligibility for the Presidency has been the subject of a mild legalistic controversy for months. There has been a great deal of speculation, and considerable research, but no authoritative answer. When the question came up in an interview, the Governor said, "I don't think anyone knows. It has never been tried in the courts. Some day it should be resolved, but, clearly, I'm a natural-born citizen." This seems to be the generally accepted view, but it may not suffice if the Governor should become an active Presidential aspirant. At any rate, his personal attorney, Frederick M. Dearborn, Jr., has been searching the law books.

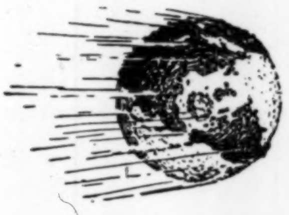
Governor Herter dominates the Massachusetts Republican scene so completely that there is little Republican discussion of other candidates in the event of the President's retirement. Both Nixon and Knowland have a following in the Bay State, but the favorite-son sentiment is too strong to admit of a competitive alternative.

Unpledged Democrats

On the Democratic side there is no such unanimity, although Adlai Stevenson is the front-runner: for the first time in his political career Senator John F. Kennedy is actively engaging in party-organization activity. Kennedy will share with Representative John W. McCormack control over the Massachusetts delegation to the Democratic National Convention. The Senator is a strong Stevenson supporter and has been mentioned as a Vice-Presidential possibility on a Stevenson ticket. McCormack, however, is cool to Stevenson and may ultimately favor Kefauver or Harriman. The delegation will go to the Convention unpledged.

Governor Herter has succeeded in attaining stability in state government, despite a politically divided legislature (a Democratic House and a Republican Senate). He has been a popular administrator, notwithstanding some unfavorable local conditions. New business and industry, especially in the fields of electronics and plastics, have helped offset the disruption in the shoe and textile industries. The public outlook, generally optimistic, is significantly reflected in the widely prevalent opinion that President Eisenhower would carry Massachusetts again, if he ran, and that Governor Herter would do almost as well as a pinch hitter.

The Governor's popularity in Massachusetts may have created an unrealistic picture of his national strength. Should he inherit the apparatus which successfully nominated Ike, he will be a formidable contender from the standpoint of financial backing and strategic allies; but he would fall short of having a nationally representative nucleus of delegates to the Republican Convention. In a pre-convention fight, either Nixon or Knowland would find it easier to capture the conservative majority of the Republican Party.



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

The Conservative Communists

Although the world Communist leaders have learned to be much less doctrinaire than in the early days, their flexibility is still kept within narrow bounds. They have got over the old-fashioned Marxian "disdain to conceal their aims." They no longer feel that they must openly denounce the family, patriotism and religion, or openly proclaim their insurrectionary intentions. They are ready to make alliances not only with "proletarians" but with any class or group, nor do they balk at parliamentary maneuvers that would have been anathematized a generation ago as "petty bourgeois right opportunism."

Nevertheless, their central goal of world domination remains fixed, and they are very slow to shift either strategic objectives or tactical methods. In spite of speeches about "Bolshevik initiative" in "adapting to local conditions," the major turns in the general line continue to be rather mechanically imposed on the entire international apparatus. At each stage of the revolution our experts have invariably explained that German or French or American or Chinese or Czech or Vietnamese or Yugoslav Communism is quite different from Russian Communism; and so far our experts have invariably been wrong.

Popular Front Redivivus

Since its period of showy bloom in the years 1935-39, the brilliant tactical device of the Popular Front has never been altogether abandoned (as it was in the earlier "Third Period," 1928-34). However, Popular Fronts could not be sustained in the face of the Hitler Pact (1939-41); and they had only limited possibilities in the postwar Left turn, of which the subjugation of Eastern Europe and the Chinese conquest were the defining events.

After 1941 the war was itself conceived by the Kremlin as an international Popular Front "against fascism." But beginning in 1946 the Communists began splitting from the Popular Front coalition governments that had been formed (with Anglo-American blessing) in both Europe and Asia. In Greece, Eastern Europe, China and many other parts of Asia, the Communists fought directly for power without Popular Front trappings. Even in non-governmental associations (such as trade unions), alliances between Communists and non-Communists gradually broke up. The non-Communist unions withdrew from the Communist-controlled World Federation of Trade Unions. In the United States, the Communists departed from the CIO, which had been a de facto Popular Front coalition.

The postwar Left period finished its cycle in 1952-3, during Stalin's last year and the first year of the succession. Foreshadowed at the 19th Party Congress (September 1952), the general line of the world revolution is now in a new, Right phase of its spiral evolution toward the ultimate destination of world power.

Within all non-Communist nations the primary tactic of this new phase is a Popular Front of the "highest" order permitted by local conditions. All Communists everywhere — jungle fighters in Malaysia, trade union officials in Ohio, parliamentary deputies in Paris, university professors, columnists and ministers and commentators — are subject to this directive.

Forewarned Is Not Forearmed

There has been no exception to the law that Communists alone profit from any variety of United or Popular Front. Utopians who believe that men are willing to learn from history might therefore suppose that the Communists could not put across a new Popular Front period. Actually, the present tactic has already achieved spectacular preliminary successes on every continent.

In Greece, where a few years ago the Communists were beaten back only by long and bloody fighting, a formal Popular Front coalition is contesting the current general elections, with a good chance of winning. In Italy, President Gronchi is in office only by virtue of a Popular Front agreement in the Assembly. (The alliance between the Italian Communists and the Left — Nenni — Socialists was in fact never broken.) In Indonesia, the Communists, with a quarter of the votes in the recent election, press hard for the formation of a Popular Front government, the basis for which is laid by their agreement with Soekarno's Nationalist Party. The new Finnish government is the result of a Popular Front coalition.

Even where the Communist Party is formally outlawed, the Communists have been able to establish functioning Popular Fronts. In South Africa they easily dominate the weak "anti-apartheid" political alliances. In Brazil Senhores Kubitschek and Goulart could not have won their plurality without the inclusion of the Communists in their electoral coalition.

In France, following the January 2 election, the Communist Party controls the prospects of the "Left majority" (Socialist - Mendès-France). It is mathematically impossible to form a Left French government without the votes of the Communist deputies. Consequently the Communists have decisive control over any Left government, whether or not there is any explicit agreement among the parties.

The essence of the Popular Front is a political relationship in which Communists function in a coalition with non-Communists. The essence is this real relationship, not the form of the agreement — written, verbal or merely implicit — which sanctions the relation. Senhor Kubitschek and Messrs. Mollet and Mendès-France are disingenuous when they pretend that, because they have no explicit agreement with the Communists, they are exempt from the Popular Front bond. They talk like virgins who avoid sin by shutting their eyes.

It is not possible to play coy with the Communists when they press their suit in the Popular Front mode. They offer gifts — votes, money, technical help, prestige — that only men having both knowledge and principle can calmly resist. And where are these men?

Letter from the Continent

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Sometime in 1956 there are going to be new elections in Austria, and so the coalition armistice between the two government parties has come to an end. The "People's Party," which is moderately right-wing, and the Socialist Party, which professes some sort of Marxism, are the successors of the pre-Anschluss "Christian-Social Party" and the "Social Democratic Party," respectively. Last time, they polled between them almost 90 per cent of all the votes. Their ancestor parties had fought each other, in 1934, on the barricades with submachine guns, but in the face of the Russian danger the successor parties decided to pool their forces. Their puny competitors—the "Independents" and the Communists—are numerically so insignificant that non-committed Austrian voters had for a long time only the choice between the two partakers in one and the same government. But the Socialists have, ever since 1945, been the gainers in this process because the former Austrian Nazis turn "red" rather than "black." (Which once more confirms the fact that the Nazis always belonged to the Left.)

The "People's Party" has chosen this noncommittal label because the men who founded it in 1945, though mostly active Catholics, wanted to avoid the revival of another "Christian" party; but since it is forced to defend the Church's interests, the "People's Party" *is* another Catholic party and nobody is being fooled by its name. Intelligent Catholics hate to see their Church mixed up in politics, but as soon as the enemies of the Church want to curtail Catholic rights in schools, in marriage legislation, and similar domains, everybody agrees that a methodical opposition to these efforts has to be set up; and this means, of course, a Catholic political party.

The change from "Social Democratic" to "Socialist" party is a great deal more significant. The Socialists have turned into a party of progressive, enlightened materialism. Over the years, the Austrian Socialists have become almost unbelievably "worldly," *arrivé* and attuned to reality. And this process has been accelerated by their exemplary opposition to Russian (and Austrian) Communism; by a general prosperity unknown to Austria since 1914; by the social rise of the trade union leaders and the changing mentality of the politicians who have established a capitalism all their own, amassing and investing millions of regular party income. And then there are the "Red Empires" of nationalized enterprises, under Socialist administration within the coalition government; for instance, the "Waldbrunner Kingdom," quite cleverly ruled by the Socialist Minister of Communications and State-Owned Industries, Mr. Waldbrunner.

The Marxian fervor within the Party has abated considerably. The expression "Comrade" is rarely used, red banners are displayed reluctantly and with great discretion, memories of the common origin with the Communists are seldom invoked. Socialist intellectuals readily admit that Marx erred in many respects, as for instance in his theory of the impoverishment of the masses through capitalism. The Socialist Party of Austria, like most Socialist parties west of the Iron Curtain, wins elections, not because it promises "nationalization," but because it is the most effective pressure group for the largest class (the working class) and also because it is the most "natural" advocate of the welfare state.

The continuation of the coalition between the two parties (who by now know too much about each other to part company) dashes all hopes for a real change. Still, it is possible that at the next election a Socialist majority would result in a cabinet headed by a Socialist chancellor. At the last elections, the Socialists, with a very slight relative majority of votes, elected one deputy less than the People's Party; thus, the People's Party's "leadership" in the coalition is merely a freak. Voting for the "People's Party," after everything is said and done, means voting for the Church, for tradition, for a modicum of individualism, for the family, for free enterprise, for a rigorous school system—all of which presupposes discipline; whereas a vote for the Socialists implies the welfare state, easy divorce laws, "progressive schools," more social security. And the general trend toward a deceptive "security" is not a solely Austrian problem. It is the problem of our whole despiritualized Western world.

The word "proportion," in Austria, immediately causes laughter. The Government has adopted the Jacksonian spoils system in a true democratic spirit. If one remembers how eagerly we Continentals cater to bureaucratic careers, one can imagine the impotent indignation of those without party affiliations; also the insincerity of many party enthusiasts who have landed jobs (not lucrative but very secure). Occasionally, no agreement on one or the other appointment can be reached between the two parties; and then a nasty split occurs, as for instance in the present tug of war for the control of the projected federal airline. No compromise has been achieved, and thus we shall be blessed with a "black" *and* a "red" airline—manifestly one too many for this little country. Certain offices, naturally, cannot be split—like that of the President, who is a Socialist (a former imperial and royal general and, before 1919, a titled nobleman). He continued the tradition of two of his predecessors and imitated Francis Joseph by wearing a white beard; consequently he was elected over his Catholic opponent. President Koerner is a living symbol of the Austrian ambiguities—and the very rootlessness of political institutions not only in Austria but everywhere in Europe.

Today, Austria is an "Alsace"—a country torn between two powerful empires. Therefore the parties have ceased to reflect realities. They are just as bewildered as their voters, just as cagey, insincere, insecure, and forlorn. Everything on the Continent, outside of Switzerland and Scandinavia, has a purely provisional character; and as soon as our present prosperity turns into normalcy the face of many a country can change overnight.

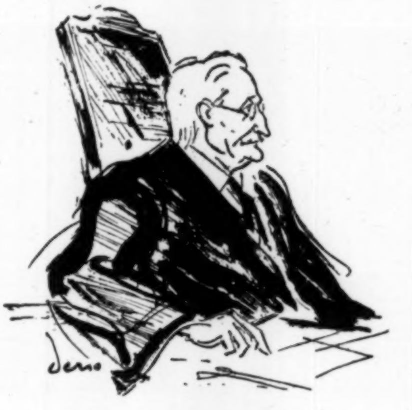
The Hughes Trial

As we go to press, the fate of Paul Hughes has been put in the hands of a jury.

For two weeks, a roster of the most prominent Liberal publicists in America had taken the witness stand in Foley Square and sworn, under oath, as to their gullibility and as to their willingness, in the cause of hard anti-anti-Communism, to traffic with secret and extortionary informers.

Having been refused a job with McCarthy's investigating committee (Mr. Carr of McCarthy's staff had no difficulty spotting Hughes as a phoney), Hughes, posing as a secret McCarthy investigator, was cordially received by Clayton Fritchey—representing, in effect, the Democratic Party—by Joseph L. Rauh, Jr.—representing, in effect, Americans for Democratic Action—and by Alfred Friendly, representing the *Washington Post*. For eleven months Hughes prospered (in the sum of $10,800) by gratifying their lust for anti-McCarthyana.

But it couldn't last forever. In November 1955, a *Post* reporter assigned to check on the details of a long series Friendly had written, based on Hughes' "evidence" against McCarthy, found that the "witnesses" to McCarthy's knavery that Hughes had dug up simply didn't exist. Their disappointment was terrible to behold.



Judge Archie O. Dawson

Yet none of these men who had been duped by Hughes and who, throughout the trial, explained their curiosity about McCarthy's activities in terms of a public-spirited concern where wrongdoing is involved—none of these men went to the Justice Department to complain about the man who had duped them. None of them called to the attention of Mr. Brownell that Hughes was wandering about with a forged signature of Senator McCarthy on a forged document accrediting him as a representative of McCarthy; nothing was said about the bum check Hughes passed off on General Mara; nothing was done about the attempted blackmail of Clayton Fritchey. Nothing because the whole gang are as one in believing that it is better for one guilty man to go scot free than for a dozen Liberals to be publicly humiliated. The Government got Hughes' number when he testified — falsely, it claims—before a Grand Jury investigating Harvey Matusow. In the case of the *United States v. Paul Hughes*, the Government proposes to set the record straight—by proving that Hughes *was* guilty, and the Liberals *were* witless. The latter has, at this writing, been proved.

Some Points at Issue at the Trial

Were Joseph Rauh, et al, interested only in securing evidence that McCarthy was engaged in illegal activity?

That is their contention. But the torrent of material furnished over the months by Hughes to Rauh, Fritchey and Friendly was for the most part fabricated gossip which contributed nothing to a legal case against McCarthy. Confronted by extracts from such reports, Mr. Rauh began to back down:

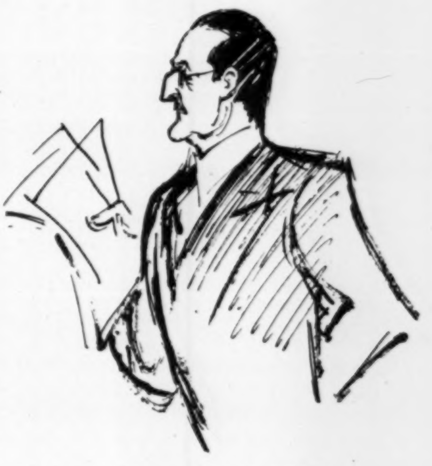
"Q. Wasn't it your testimony here, Mr. Rauh, that the sole thing you were interested in with reference to Senator McCarthy was evidence of the illegal acts, and any other type of information, no matter how derogatory about McCarthy, you were not interested in at all?

"A. Illegal and unlawful acts, yes, sir.

"Q. But you were not interested in anything that was not illegal or unlawful, no matter how derogatory to Senator McCarthy it might be; isn't that what you told us?

"A. In a general way, I said what I was interested in was illegal and unlawful acts. I don't remember whether I ever specifically said [to Hughes], 'No matter how derogatory it is, please don't furnish it.' That might go a little bit farther than — [interrupted]."

Al Friendly had an equally difficult time explaining why he jotted down—in longhand—page after page of multifarious anti-McCarthyana after talking with Hughes (Exhibits 52A-through 52D) which had nothing to do with allegedly illegal activities.



District Attorney Paul W. Williams

Fritchey more or less gave up the attempt to demonstrate the limited scope of his interest—as when he was questioned as to why he was so interested in the fact that, according to Hughes, McCarthy had a contact on the *Louisville Courier-Journal*:

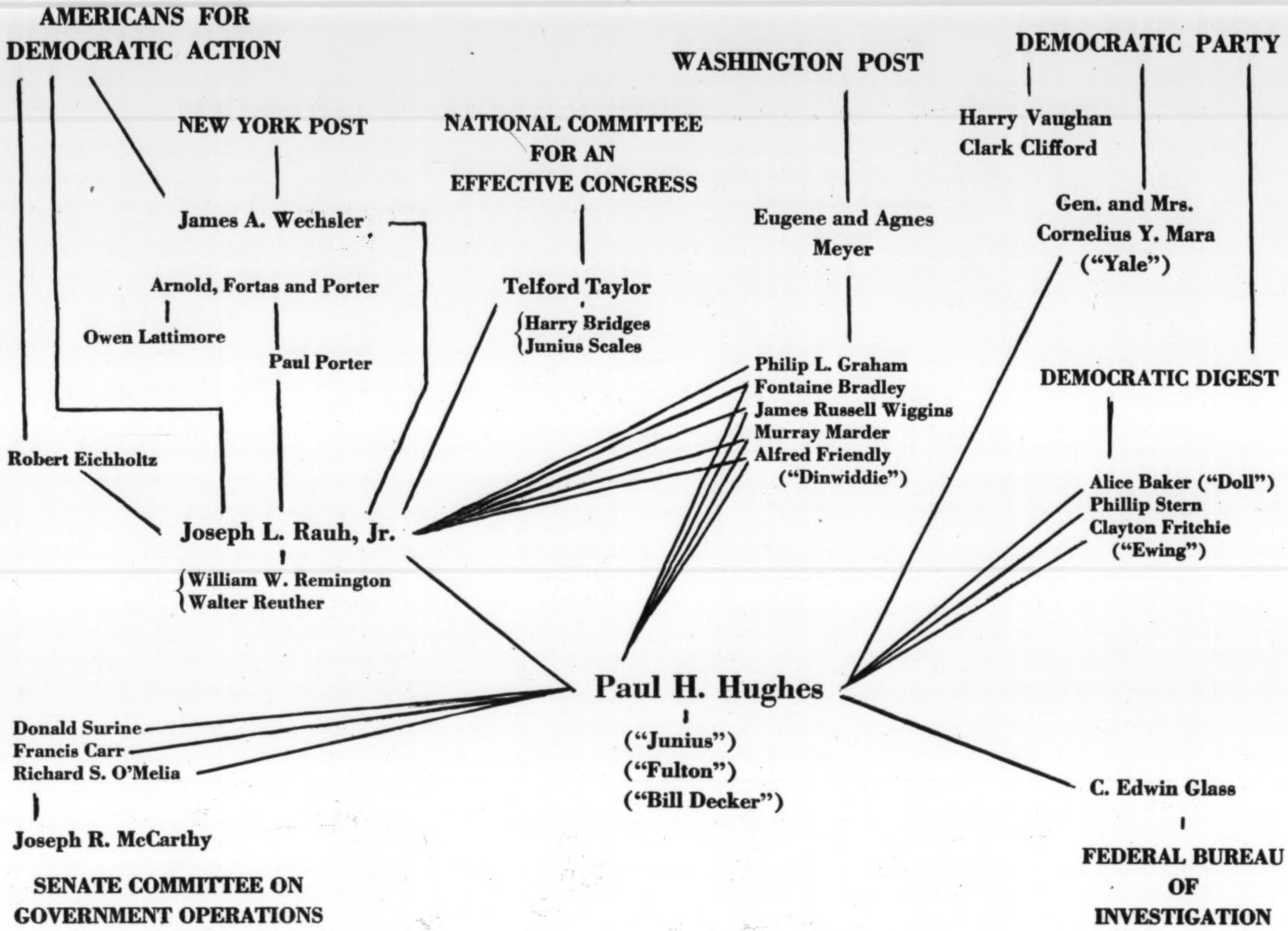
"THE COURT: Why were you interested in contacts on the Courier Journal? What did that have to do with illegal activities?

"THE WITNESS: It happened—a friend of mine happened to be publisher of the Courier Journal, and if the identity of this person had become known to me I would have transferred it to the publisher of the paper, sir."

The court was also interested in learning why, if Hughes' employers were exclusively interested in McCarthy's illegalities, they had not turned the whole thing over to the Justice Department, rather than keep it within the bosom of the Democratic Party, the ADA, and the *Washington Post*. For a while, they hedged. "Did you explain to Mr. Hughes why you

Continued on p. 20

The Hughes Constellation


AMERICANS FOR DEMOCRATIC ACTION
NEW YORK POST
NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR AN EFFECTIVE CONGRESS
WASHINGTON POST
DEMOCRATIC PARTY
Harry Vaughan
Clark Clifford
James A. Wechsler
Gen. and Mrs. Cornelius Y. Mara ("Yale")
Eugene and Agnes Meyer
Arnold, Fortas and Porter
Telford Taylor
Owen Lattimore
{Harry Bridges
Junius Scales
Paul Porter
Philip L. Graham
Fontaine Bradley
James Russell Wiggins
Murray Marder
Alfred Friendly
("Dinwiddie")
DEMOCRATIC DIGEST
Robert Eichholtz
Alice Baker ("Doll")
Phillip Stern
Clayton Fritchie
("Ewing")
Joseph L. Rauh, Jr.
{William W. Remington
Walter Reuther
Paul H. Hughes
("Junius")
("Fulton")
("Bill Decker")
Donald Surine
Francis Carr
Richard S. O'Melia
C. Edwin Glass
Joseph R. McCarthy
SENATE COMMITTEE ON GOVERNMENT OPERATIONS
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Confidential Memorandum

January 31, 1956
To: The Editors, NATIONAL REVIEW
From: Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.
Re: Operation Daffodil

I received a telephone call this morning from a man who told me he had information of vital interest to NATIONAL REVIEW. I was to meet him in the northeast corner of the swimming pool of the New York Athletic Club at 11:40 sharp. I hopped a cab and was there in fifteen minutes, threw myself into swimming trunks, and dove in. He was there, underwater, waiting for me. At 11:40 sharp, he surfaced, took a waterproof wallet out of his trunks, opened it, and handed me a document.

"Before reading this," he said, "remember that you are to refer to me, henceforth, as Daffodil. I'll call you Frog. I am engaged in a great patriotic endeavor, and I need the help of an editor. I work as a stenotypist for the *Washington Post,* and I am loaned out to record the secret meetings of Americans for Democratic Action. Here are the minutes of a meeting that took place yesterday. I decided I'd better go somewhere, immediately, for help. So here I am, Frog."

I paid him $250 on the spot, and began to read (the document is now in my safe):

RAUH: The meeting will come to order. Gentlemen, as you all know, this is a time for greatness. Junius informs us that McCarthy has just added to his secret arsenal in the cellar of the Senate Office Building an atom bomb. . . . yes, Cornelius, I am aware it's not more powerful than the one we dropped at Nagasaki, but it's big enough to make things darned difficult for the National Committee for an Effective Congress if it goes off. Anyway, this is it. We'll go through with Operation July 20. Let's check on the details once more. Telford—you cover the south door of the Senate Office Building. Start reciting Walter Lippmann, until the guard falls asleep. Then Al will slide in and open the main door—

FRIENDLY (interrupting): What if the guard at the main door hasn't received Senator Hennings' subpoena and is there when I arrive?

RAUH: Don't worry. Harry Vaughan will be hiding in the hall closet (he's been there already for a couple of weeks) and he'll take care of him if Tom's subpoena doesn't arrive in time. Al will let in Graham, Marder, Friendly, Wechsler, Mara, and Fritchey. Don't forget the recognition signal—the Fifth Amendment said backwards, with a Herblock cartoon between your teeth. That's what Harvey Matusow, who will be running elevator 6, will be looking for. Remember, he doesn't know who you are—never heard of you, and he's got to let you in the elevator and take you down to the basement, where the bomb is hidden . . .

PORTER: You know, of course, that McCarthy keeps a 24-hour guard on his arsenal. Lattimore cased the thing pretty thoroughly for us. Surine relieves O'Melia at noon, Carr relieves Surine at 9, and every fifteen minutes they report in by walkie-talkie to the Senator. Now, if you think a few thousand would sort of, you know, persuade Surine to jam the sending set, why Bob Eichholtz here and I might, er, manage a little loan, provided you didn't ask us any questions . . .

RAUH (tight-lipped): I will not tolerate any such smears against Surine until he is proved guilty. We shall have to assume that he is completely loyal to McCarthy, leaving us no alternative but to knock him off.

WECHSLER: Oh, delicious! Delicious!

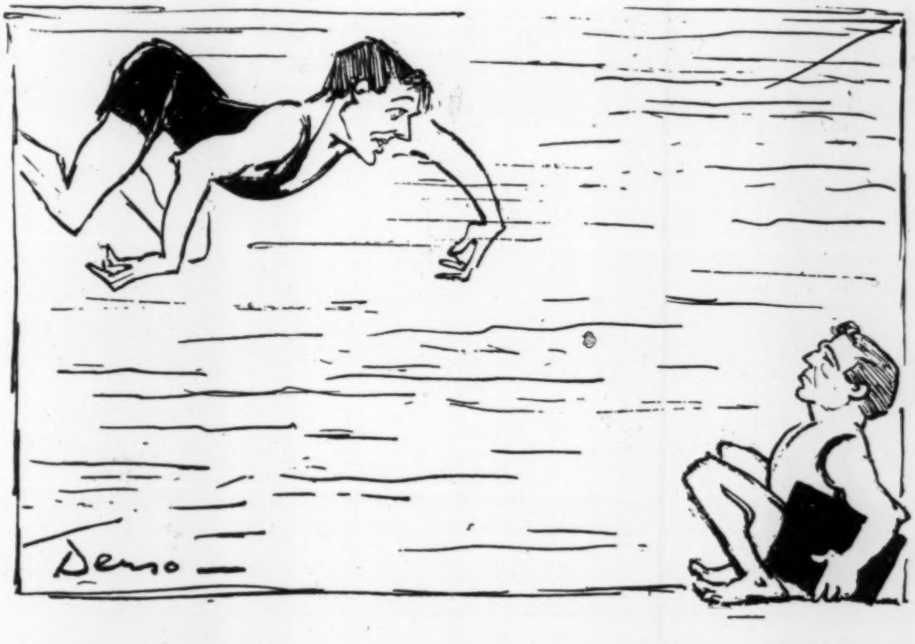
RAUH: What?

WECHSLER: Just thinking. Knock Surine off—with one of McCarthy's *own* howitzers! What irony! It's a Greek play. Murray and Max will have to draw lots to see who's going to write about *that* one . . .

This was the end of the document and I looked up, inquiringly, at Daffodil. He told me he had the rest hidden in Newark and he would need ten thousand dollars, in expenses, to get down there and back. I peeled out the money (and got a receipt for it, of course). He'll bring the other evidence in next week, in time for our editorial lunch.

There is no need to tell you how confidential is my relationship with Daffodil. For one thing, I intend to check up on his credentials. And until then, not a *soul* is to know *anything* about it. I checked with Bill Hearst, Dick Berlin, Jack Clements, J. B. Matthews, George Sokolsky, Westbrook Pegler, Frank Conniff, Bob Considine, Reub Maury, John O'Donnell, C. D. Batchelor, Lee Mortimer, Walter Winchell and the Press Club bartender. They all agree that not a *soul* is to know a thing until the *whole* story is verified. Then we'll bring in the FBI, and when the boys ring for Elevator 6—who will open the door? J. Edgar himself. Can you picture? See you around when they hand out the Pulitzers.

FROG



called in Mr. Fritchey and, let's say, not Mr. Brownell?" General Mara was asked. "I don't quite—well," said the General, "the only reason I called in Mr. Fritchey was, I felt he had newspaper background, that he could analyze this thing . . . ."

McCarthy's Spy on the New York Post

On the witness stand, Joseph L. Rauh, Jr. He is being cross-examined, and has revealed that Hughes informed him that McCarthy's spy on the *New York Post* was the *Post's* cooking editor.

ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE: The cooking editor on the *New York Post?*

RAUH: Yes, sir.

Q. Did you call Mr. Wechsler and tell him?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. You didn't feel that the cooking editor was going to slant any recipes in McCarthy's favor, did you?

A. That wasn't the purpose. That wouldn't have been the purpose to have somebody there.

Q. What *was* the purpose of McCarthy having a spy as the cooking editor?

A. Because a cooking editor like anybody else has access to all the records, files and clips and other matters on the paper and to all the discussion. It doesn't matter who the person is. I didn't feel he should have anybody on the paper.

THE COURT (Interrupting). You don't believe in having spies?

RAUH. No, sir.

Q. Unless they are your own?

A. Unless you are trying to uncover illegal activity which I was trying to do.

Q. You didn't think McCarthy was trying to uncover illegal activity?

A. No, I didn't.

Q. You thought you were the only one trying to do that?

A. I thought the *Washington Post* and I were the only ones trying to do that.

But pressed hard, it became necessary to disparage the Justice Department, and this Rauh found easy to do.

"Q. Surely [Hughes' attorney asked Rauh] your paramount purpose was to give [the evidence you accumulated against McCarthy] to the *Post,* rather then send it to the Justice Department?

"A. The *Post* was the more important because we felt only through publication would there legally be action in the prosecutorial [sic] field.

"Q. In other words, you felt that the Department of Justice even if you showed them plain, clear violations of illegal actions, wouldn't prosecute Senator McCarthy?

"A. Prosecuting a Senator is a very difficult thing.

"Q. I didn't ask you that. You felt even if the Department of Justice were given clear legal evidence that Senator McCarthy was acting illegally they would refuse to prosecute?

"A. Not only that they *would* [refuse], but they *did* refuse to prosecute when they *did* have legal evidence of violation of law.

"Q. In other words, you say the Department of Justice, in short, is crooked?

"A. No, I don't say that at all, Mr. Erdmann. I say that at the very time they had evidence of violations of law by Senator McCarthy they didn't prosecute.

"THE COURT:. . . You say they had evidence of criminal acts on the part of Senator McCarthy?

"A. . . . Yes. There are several instances where they had evidence of criminal acts. . .

"THE COURT: That is your opinion?

"A. Yes, sir. I have to go on my own opinion, sir."

Friendly also agreed that McCarthy is the exception that proves the rule that men are innocent unless proven guilty:

"Q. Did you have that opinion that the Department of Justice already had plenty of legal material to prosecute McCarthy, but simply were not doing so?

"A. I am trying to remember. Yes I think I felt that in the four, five years since 1950 McCarthy had done several things that warranted the Justice Department taking some action, but it never had."

And anyway, the Justice Department was immobilized by McCarthy spies, hence the necessity to conscript the *Washington Post* as the agent of Justice:

"Q. Did you discuss going to the Department of Justice?

"FRITCHEY: Correct.

"Q. And Mr. Hughes persuaded you that that would be unwise; is that right?

"A. That is correct.

"Q. Because of the fact that the Department of Justice was honeycombed either by McCarthy agents or under the domination of Senator McCarthy?

"A. Correct."

January 27, 1956, Cross-Examination of Clayton Fritchey

Q. . . . Do you recall whether Hughes at any time expressed any opinions which caused you seriously to doubt his ethics or morality?

FRITCHEY. No, not one single thing, no.

December 1953, Memorandum from Hughes to Clayton Fritchey

Phone taps can be utilized [against McCarthy]. . . . Don't discount the tremendous value in just bargaining power of recorded phone discussions. . . . A program of this type, although not nice, can result in harm to no one except [McCarthy]. . . . As mentioned earlier, being nice, too ethical, or squeamish, will accomplish less than nothing, where McCarthy is concerned. McCarthy has stated many times, "Ethics went out the window with buttoned shoes." So therefore I don't see the necessity for us to send a boy to do a man's work. If both Federal and civil law enforcement agencies use the same unethical procedures to bring to justice criminals, are we not justified in using similar methods to expose [McCarthy] . . . ? [It] is most easy to prove and document [McCarthy's guilt] by relaxing somewhat on ethics. This perhaps is probably what I'm best suited for. . . .

Were Fritchey and Rauh acting in behalf of the Democratic Party and the ADA?

Both stoutly insisted they were acting as individuals, not in behalf of their organizations. (The issue did not arise in the case of Friendly, who, admittedly, had been assigned by his superiors, James Russell Wiggins and

Philip Graham, to handle Hughes in behalf of the *Post*.)

Testimony brought out the fact that Rauh had confided in James Wechsler, editor of the *New York Post* and co-founder of the ADA, about Hughes. Wechsler urged Rauh to continue the Hughes case "as an ADA project."

In an early meeting with Hughes, Fritchey brought along a man and a woman, who were later to work closely with him on the Hughes case. They were Mr. Phillip Stern—research director for the Democratic Party—and Mrs. Alice Baker (alias "Doll" in Hughes' reports)—associate editor of the *Democratic Digest*. Fritchey persisted in denying Democratic sponsorship.

Who, Fritchey was asked, typed up Hughes' tape recordings? Miss Hill, said Fritchey, simply.

"Q. And this Miss Hill or Mrs. Hill, who did all the typing of the transcriptions—

"A. Yes.

"Q. —who was she paid by?

"A. She was paid by the Democratic National Committee.

"Q. She used to take them home at night and type them for you, not on office time, though?

"A. As far as I know, they were all at home.

"Q. Did she get any further pay for going home and working on this individual project of yours at night?

"A. She did not.

"Q. She was just paid by the Democratic National Committee; right?

"A. That is correct."

Fritchey then admitted that he had consulted Clark Clifford, former assistant to Harry Truman, and potentate without portfolio of the Democratic Party, about the Hughes case, and also the attorney for the National Democratic Committee, Mr. Levinthal. Had other Democrats been consulted?

"A. Yes, I told the chairman, the then chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

"Q. What was his name?

"A. Mr. Stephen A. Mitchell."

Had he discussed Hughes with anyone else? Specifically,

"Q. Did you ever discuss Hughes with Drew Pearson?

"A. I once told Drew Pearson that I had made a contact. I don't think I ever told him Hughes' name, and I didn't go into it in any detail. I said that it may develop information which may, if it finally turned out—we didn't know how we were going to use it, but if it turns out to be important, substantial, it may be desirable to break it through the press, and would you be interested in such a story? He indicated he would, and that is as far as it went."

It seems, then, that Fritchey just couldn't resist sharing his secret with his colleagues. And those in whom he did *not* confide, seemed to have a sixth sense, so to speak, about Clayton Fritchey. Fritchey hadn't told Friendly, for instance. Both Friendly and Rauh did know that *an* important Democrat knew about Hughes, but Hughes had refused to say who—all he would say is that he was a "big wheel."

"FRIENDLY: By mutual consent, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Rauh and I never used the name of the big wheel. It was never told to me. I knew perfectly well who it was.

"THE COURT. How did you know? Was there only one big wheel, or what made you realize who it was?

"FRIENDLY: Your Honor, I have been a friend of Clayton Fritchey's for years, and whenever there is any of this going on, I know Clayton would be in it."

It seems Fritchey just can't help it.

Hughes Reports to Rauh

(The following was represented by Hughes to be a transcript of an executive committee hearing at which Senator McCarthy and Roy Cohn questioned an employee of the Federal Telecommunication Laboratories in Nutley, New Jersey. The document was handed to Joseph L. Rauh, Jr. in January 1954 as further "evidence" of McCarthy's terrorism. It is Exhibit 17 in U.S. v. Hughes.)

COHN. Mr. Kowolski, have you at any time been a member of, or associated with, any subversive or communist group?

KOWOLSKI. No with emphasis. Outside of the Boy Scouts, the Air Force, and the people I work with here I've never been associated with any groups. And that goes for my wife also.

MCCARTHY. It is not necessary for the witness to be flippant. Just answer all the questions yes or no where possible.

KOWOLSKI. It's not flippancy but anger. And you can notify that Patsy of yours, Surine, if he ever steps foot inside my front gate again I will personally break all the bones in his body. Tell him that I don't scare as easy as my wife. And . . .

MCCARTHY. It is part of an investigator's job to question friends and relatives of some of the witnesses.

KOWOLSKI. Is it part of his job to frighten women and kids?

MCCARTHY. I don't intend to pursue this line any further. Just answer the questions of counsel, or you will be cited for contempt.

COHN. Are you in possession of any information pertaining to Harry A. A. Hukan?

KOWOLSKI. I told your Patsy yesterday that before Hyman quit he was supervisor for a different section. I don't know anything about the man.

COHN. Are you aware of the fact that several of your co-workers . . . have testified before this committee, that Hyman is a communist?

KOWOLSKI. Well bully for them . . .

COHN. Do you know Mrs. Ruth Wiener Levine?

KOWOLSKI. I wouldn't even know her if I saw her . . .

MCCARTHY. This is astonishing. Aren't you aware of anything that goes on?

KOWOLSKI. I mind my own business and do my work.

MCCARTHY. I believe you could tell us plenty if you desired to.

KOWOLSKI. I'll tell you this much, there are about 300 people in this area who have all of a sudden, changed their minds about the good you people are doing. This business of going from door to door, trying to force words into peoples' mouths by threats and phoney accusations is wrong as far as I am concerned. If you want to put me in jail because of my attitude go ahead, but before I go I'll get 300 letters to prove I'm right.

COHN. Another outburst such as that and you will. All any of us ask is a little cooperation. We are, you know, in a position to do you some good.

KOWOLSKI. This is a . . . poor way to get it.

MCCARTHY. Throw this radical out of the room.

(Witness was escorted from the hearing.)

THE WORLD VIEWS THE US

FREDA UTLEY

Mr. Dulles' Best Defense—from England

Strangely enough, although Secretary Dulles' American detractors have been screaming that his "brink of war" interview in *Life* has alarmed and alienated "our allies," his best defense has come from England.

On January 17, Mr. Anthony Eden, who is generally said to be somewhat less than friendly to Mr. Dulles, supported him unequivocally by saying:

> If there is less fear of world conflict today, this is due to the deterrent of nuclear weapons. Remove this deterrent *or take risks in pretending that it is not there,* and the world outlook would be terrifying indeed . . . . the danger of world war should decrease *unless an aggressive minded nation gets it into its head that the bomb will not be used against it whatever it does.* [Italics added]

Thus, Mr. Eden, in different words, expressed precisely the same view as Mr. Dulles; that in order to avoid war the West must be prepared to risk it.

The London *Daily Telegraph,* which used to be regarded as the voice of the British Government but is perhaps today less influential, although far more perspicacious, than the *Times,* came out in support of Dulles' thesis in its editorial of January 17:

> If the deterrent policy is not a complete sham, it therefore stands to reason that the U.S. was, as Mr. Dulles affirmed, brought to the brink of war . . . . To deny this or to attack Mr. Dulles for saying it, is to weaken by implication the whole conception of the deterrent policy on which Western security rests . . . . The hysterical outburst against Mr. Dulles' reference to war is doubly dangerous. If it were to confirm Russia's happy confidence that Geneva had cleared away the great deterrent, or if it were to encourage China to start probing again, then our distaste for hearing Mr. Dulles mention the awful word now might make us face the reality of war later.

Let us not, the *Daily Telegraph* also warned, "cut off England's nose to spite Mr. Dulles' face" by denouncing his argument that peace depends on America's willingness to fight.

The London *Economist,* in an article called "Giving Dulles his Due," points to one of the basic weaknesses of the Western world. "Once again," it says, "the politicians of the free world have been put on notice that any mention of running risks, even in the cause of peace, will arouse the maximum of opposition."

The *Economist* may be right in saying that the blame for the "misunderstandings" that have been created "must rest on those who chose the words in which Mr. Dulles' thought was clothed"—thus enabling both Adlai Stevenson and *Pravda* to blame the United States Administration instead of Soviet Russia for the fact that the world is kept continuously "on the verge of war." Certainly the *Economist,* in supporting Mr. Dulles' "central thought," expounds the Secretary of State's thesis far better than *Life* magazine. Commenting on the "brink of war" statement, it regrets the "clumsy wording" of the *Life* article but emphatically supports American policy as enunciated by the Secretary of State. Mr. Dulles, it says,

> . . . believes that the only risk of total war is as a result of miscalculation by an aggressor, owing to his not knowing how far he can safely go. The aggressor must know for certain at what point he will call down retribution upon himself; there must not be any twilight zones in which he can think that he can get away with a bold forward push. . . . If, when faced with a threat of aggression, the free nations do not stand firm on their chosen line, even to the brink of war, then there can be no certainty and no safety.

It would be too much to expect that even the well informed and intelligent editors of the *Economist* would go so far as to admit that the Korean war came about largely as the result of the appeasement policy towards the Communists in China pursued by the Truman Administration, partly at least at Britain's instigation. Instead they praise Truman for not running away in July 1950, and ignore the fact that Dean Acheson had encouraged the attack on South Korea by leaving Korea outside "the defense perimeter" of the United States in his public statement of January 12, 1950.

On the other hand, this best of British publications unequivocally opposes what it calls "the anti-brink policy" (of not threatening to fight if the line we are counted on to defend is crossed, or not meaning to carry out the threat). This policy, it believes, is certain to lead to war. "For as step succeeds step, it becomes more and more difficult for the aggressor to believe that any of the threats of action are to be taken seriously, while the other side gets nearer and nearer to the point where it will resist from sheer desperation." Thus, for instance, Neville Chamberlain a few months after Munich "was offering guarantees all round Eastern Europe."

Mr. Dulles' thesis, as expounded by the *Economist,* is that if faced with aggression *"it is safer in the long run to stand firm even to the brink of war than to run away because of the risk."* Since this is the lesson of the years from 1933-39, why should "a statesman who tries to re-emphasize it, however clumsily, be held up to obloquy?"

Since the British do not suffer from the "inferiority complex" which Taft once said was a basic cause of America's self-defeating foreign policy, the *Economist* also dares to say that the danger of war coming through too much bellicosity on the part of the democracies "is virtually negligible." On the contrary, the danger is that we shall encourage such doubts concerning our courage and resolution to risk war in order to preserve peace, that the aggressor will be encouraged "to have a go."

Maybe there is a change of the wind in Britain. It is quite possible that the Communist menace to British interests both in the Middle East and in Malaya, have forced responsible British circles to realize that it is no longer possible to hope that England can save herself and what remains of her Empire by throwing other nations to the wolves. If British statesmen, politicians and journalists once understand that Britain's vital interests require adherence to the Dulles-Knowland thesis, we may see London exerting its influence in Washington to promote an opposite policy to the one hitherto favored.

T*he* PRINTED W*ord*

JONATHAN MITCHELL

A Week with the Baltimore Sun

The *Baltimore Sun*, one of the best-written papers in the country, has its great professional fastidiousness to protect it from Liberal ideology. But Liberalism does leak into its columns—primarily in its foreign correspondence which goes by the Liberal faith; to wit: the Communists are wrongheaded and unpleasant, but also twenty feet tall.

Its London story on Eden's trip to Washington (January 26) begins:

> A dark question hung over Prime Minister Eden this morning as he began his voyage to the United States. Briefly, the question was this: Can Britain survive as a first-class power if Russia smashes British influence in the Middle East? . . . One high-placed diplomat declared a few days ago that, if the Middle East falls to communism, Britain must shortly shrivel to something like the status of Belgium.

In tones of doom, the correspondent surveys British military dispositions in the Middle East, and then gets to his news point: Russia's exchange of ambassadors with Liberia. The consequences may be these:

> Remove the deterrent of British influence in the Middle East, it is argued in London, and the whole of Africa lies naked to Communist advance. This means losing South Africa and the Congo, both rich in uranium supplies, as well as the numerous colonies, protectorates and others which Britain has carefully nursed for generations. None is considered impervious to Communist wooing.

Brightly-Lit Russian Streets

A dispatch from Bonn to the *Sun* carries an interview with Press Chief Sergeyev of the newly established USSR Embassy. Sergeyev does not like the Bonn climate; Russia was much healthier; the Bonn streets are so badly lit that evening walks are unsafe. The *Sun* correspondent's purpose, however, is to dispel various "false reports." The anti-Communist German press has speculated on the Russians' choosing an Embassy site close by the conduit carrying Bonn's telephone trunk lines; but, finds the *Sun* correspondent,

> Press Chief Sergeyev, who received an American visitor today, looked like wire-tapping was the last thing he had on his mind.

Another malicious German canard has to do with the size of the Embassy force. But Sergeyev says in the *Sun* that the Russians have fifty people; the *Sun* correspondent adds obligingly that the U. S. has 1,400.

An accompanying Bonn dispatch to the *Sun* tells of a visit to Socialist headquarters, where Ollenhauer criticized Germany's military preparations; then the *Sun* correspondent adds:

> One Socialist spokesman used a slang word in describing the Defense Ministry top brass which can best be translated as "jerks."

Communist Comfort

The *Sun* is one of the select group of papers with a Moscow correspondent; and no correspondent who writes persistently unfriendly stories can hope to remain in Moscow. Yet there is a difference between not being unfriendly and the exuberance of the *Sun* correspondent's shopping trip (January 23) to GUM:

> But the casual visitor, seeing Moscow's big GUM (pronounced Goom) department store for the first time is bound to be impressed by the tremendous variety and apparent good quality of consumer goods on sale. . . . All of it seems to be of Russian manufacture. This correspondent roamed the corridors and balconies of Gum for three hours today and found no imported products at all. And despite the fact that price levels would horrify an American shopper, most of the thousands jammed into this huge establishment, which faces the Kremlin across Red Square, were carrying bundles of purchases.

Among the purchases that the thousands were carrying away were "excellent" shoes, "good-quality" shirts, girls' coats "in a wide variety of colors," "a very good six-cubic-foot refrigerator," "a pot-type vacuum cleaner" and "a metal-encased fourteen-inch television set."

Russia's prosperity reoccurs in a *Sun* editorial (January 26). The USSR produced only about 115,000 passenger cars last year to our eight million, but this disparity fills the editorial writer with foreboding.

> Every people tends to judge by its own standards another people's progress, or simply well-being. We in the United States are inclined to believe that nations whose people do not have lots of automobiles must be backward nations.
>
> It is not necessarily so; and in particular it is not necessarily so in the case of a nation which could produce lots of automobiles, but deliberately gives second-class priority to car production. . . . What has happened is that the Kremlin has decided (and, being the Kremlin, it can enforce its decision) that the materials that might be used for automobile manufacture and maintenance shall continue to go instead into capital goods, into other consumer goods—and into armaments.

Surely the editorial writer does not mean that American armaments have been held down because of automobile production. The automobile industry took, for example, only about 20 per cent of our 1955 steel output. And if the USSR is being forced to choose between guns and butter, it should be a cause of U.S. reassurance, not U.S. alarm.

Sticking Knives into Benson

Secretary Benson promptly disavowed a letter to *Harper's* praising an article in which the American farmer was called harsh names, and his disavowal reduced the story to an office mishap. A mildly entertaining little tale (famous people have their troubles, too), but hardly of great news importance. The *Sun* judged differently, and put it (January 28) in column eight, page one, with an eight-column streamer.

A newspaper is entitled occasionally to overplay a story. But Mr. Benson is just now the center of the Liberals' attack. The *Sun's* headline, for instance, followed by two days Edward R. Murrow's TV program, slyly hostile to Mr. Benson and against which Mr. Benson has protested. This headline set the same concealed trap for its readers that Murrow's program did for viewers.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Who Believes in Education?

The Association of American Colleges, founded fifty-two years ago, held during the second week of January, at St. Louis, its annual meeting. Most of the people present were presidents and deans of the five-hundred-odd liberal arts colleges which make up the Association: a great deal of intelligence to get together in one room. This was a gathering far different from the rigged White House Conference on Education, at which the public-school bureaucrats and the zealots for federal aid to schools put on their usual show, late last year. For the college officers of this Association are eminently men and women of independent mind, not liable to buy pigs in pokes.

The small colleges of traditional disciplines and church affiliations dominate this body, which is perhaps the most truly conservative society in America. I do not refer to the particular political opinions of the presidents and deans, which vary; I mean that our American liberal arts colleges (and no other country has any genuine equivalent to them) have long done an incalculably valuable work in keeping alive among us the traditions of civility and a respect for the wisdom of our ancestors.

Now the first address at the opening session of the Association's convention was given by Dr. Goodrich C. White, president of Emory University, which in recent years has been one of the most lively and intelligent institutions of liberal learning in the United States. President White's subject was "Do We Believe in Education?" Dr. White does; but he doubts whether many of our professional educationists believe in it. The vague list of "aims of education" drawn up at the White House Conference was demolished in a sentence or two by President White, who spoke courageously and ably. The end of liberal education, he said in substance, is the development of the reason, for the reason's own sake; learning is an end in itself; and the amorphous sociological objectives so much in the mouths of the aggrandizing college president generally have nothing at all to do with truly liberal education.

As for the "rising tide" in college enrollments, President White went on, the ambition of the private liberal arts college should be not to get "our share," but to try to leaven the lump. We seem to be in peril of giving everyone a degree, and no one an education. The debasement of standards cannot do much to elevate intellectual mediocrity, but it can prevent the whole purpose of the liberal arts, by subjecting a liberal understanding to a gross intellectual equalitarianism.

And President White had some sharp things to say about "character-building" in higher education. A man acquires his character through his performance of duties in life, not through formal processes of college instruction. The university is a place for training of the mind, not for creating an artificial regimen of moral discipline.

The Ethical Aim

This writer happened to be the second speaker. I spend a good deal of my own time lamenting the lack of intellectual content in much of American education, and so I was heartened by President White's words. Yet I believe—and I suggested that evening—that there is some danger of divorcing intellectuality from moral worth in education, and that the aim of liberal education is ethical. Moreover, a principal purpose of the American liberal arts colleges has been the inculcation of a realization of the concept of moral worth. Virtue, Socrates says, cannot be taught; and I happen to agree. Yet the liberal arts colleges have an ethical aim, even though that aim is attained by indirection. Our present trouble is that a great many universities and colleges are neither disciplining the intellect nor inculcating an appreciation of moral worth. The end of liberal education, I think, is ethical, the means is intellectual.

For though Socrates said that virtue cannot be taught—and implied, in his Apology, that there are intelligent men whose light is darkness, like his students Critias and Alcibiades—still he was a moralist, and his intent was to restore ethics to its primacy in philosophical discussion. Similarly, Newman argued that the purpose of the university is to train the intellect; yet the result of that training, and the intent of his university, was profoundly ethical. The ethical function of the American liberal arts college was described half a century ago by Irving Babbitt in *Literature and the American College*, and recently by Gordon Chalmers in *The Republic and the Person*.

The union of right reason with ethical understanding: this was Socrates' endeavor, and it still is the duty of the American college. The truly good man still is the man who understands that virtue and wisdom, at their core, are one. I think that Dr. Robert M. Hutchins did the higher learning a disservice when he urged the university to "relax its desire to train [students] in moral virtues." Dr. White implied, very truly, that we cannot make better men and women simply by making them take courses in Moral Worth 101. A college, however diligent, cannot make a man of bad inclination into a good man. Yet a college can, by ignoring the ethical end of learning, so separate intellectuality from the concept of moral worth that it graduates men and women whose light is darkness. "I want the same roof to contain both intellectual and moral discipline," Newman wrote once. This was the purpose of the founders of most American colleges.

President White is not opposed in any degree to the understanding of moral worth; what he attacked was the naive and time-wasting endeavor of some educators to inculcate morality directly. Not thus, but by looking into the minds of Plato and St. Augustine, of Dante and of Shakespeare, does the college help its students toward ethical knowledge. By offering so little for the mind, many of our swollen educational institutions steadily reduce the domain of conscience.

ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

To Mencken—In His Spirit

Now Mencken knows. That the greatest (and most biased) reporter of spiritual facts this country has seen in a hundred years cannot file his notes on the ultimate discovery is a loss to belles lettres, but not necessarily to the accumulated wisdom of the race. For one cannot be at all sure that Mencken's journalistic devotion to observed fact would, in this case, triumph over his slightly antiquated sense of humor. There is, on the contrary, the distinct danger that, just for the paradoxical effect of the joke, an ethereal Mencken would deny from the beyond the immortality of his soul.

Nor is it easy to visualize Henry Louis Mencken as an ethereal presence. Greater than his contribution to American literature—a lifetime of impeccable and shrewd craftsmanship—greater perhaps than his absolutely unbribable sense for pretentious cant, greater indeed than his funny anger was the sensuous delight with which he caressed the physical facts of existence. To me, Mencken established his claim to utmost mastery when he completely forgot his reputation as iconoclast, and freethinker, and what not, and described, with the fascination of a lover, a memorable dinner in one of Baltimore's German emporiums. What he had to say about a sauerbraten lovingly remembered will indubitably survive his most daring cracks—half Nietzsche and half W. C. Fields—at Deity.

And this faithful fascination with the unique and unmistakable fact saved Mencken from the fate for which his rather mediocre intellectual equipment seemed to have predestined him. For it is altogether impossible to read Mencken's criticism of ideas without a deep and cringing embarrassment — an embarrassment that comes, not from disagreement, but from sympathy with the intellectually underprivileged. What dispels, in Mencken's case, this chilling sensation is, invariably, his horse sense for the connected outlandish and disarming facts of humanity.

Consider, for an example appropriate on the day Mencken died, his clearly imbecilic remarks on the subject of death, written in 1919:

"[Dr. George W.] Crile said that death was acidosis — that it was caused by the failure of the organism to maintain the alkalinity necessary to its normal functioning — and in the absence of any proofs or even argument to the contrary I accepted this notion forthwith and have cherished it ever since. I thus think of death as a sort of deleterious fermentation, like that which goes on in a bottle of Château Margaux when it becomes corked."

The intellectual level here is that of a bush league Chautauqua, and the literary taste is inferior to that of the dwarfish Mr. Robert Ingersoll. But what lifts this altogether adolescent writing to a state of grace, almost, is the sudden reference to an excellent wine—and, mind you, a reference which is palpably spontaneous. Even when Mencken, rather than spoofing his readers, made a wretched fool of himself, his infectious (though coyly grumbling) joie de vivre bailed him out, just about every time.

What, if not joie de vivre, kept Mencken from fizzling out in the same obnoxious way all our "debunkers" did? They went the whole hog, consistent to the point of unmitigated absurdity, embracing the final idiocy of "ideas" with the animal-like seriousness of morons. But Mencken either thought, at the critical point, of Château Margaux or he simply recovered his power of laughter. The Teuton in him, so conspicuously formative in all intellectual matters, was reliably checked by "Alice in Wonderland"; his philosophical erudition (roughly that of a schoolboy), by an unfailing acuteness of humor; and his preaching, by his sudden and amused fascination with the silly hats that were winking from the pews.

This, of course, will not deliver him from the terrible end of all "debunkers"—the adulation by Scienticists, Progressives and, in general, by the contemporary vulgarians. Mencken, alas, deserves it. He (who despised democracy with an almost plebeian fervor) encouraged "the masses" to be irreverent and smart-alecky. He incited the upheaval of the impudent, the revolution of the brainlessly brash. For this, he will be eternally punished by Liberal applause.

And yet, he will always come back to haunt the dreams of his Liberal admirers. What will make him, for them, a nightmare is not so much his professed conservatism of later years (though it was honest enough, and often unconservatively explosive); rather, it will be Mencken's organic contempt of conformity. This, if anything, was the unifying leitmotif of his long and many-sided life—that he was almost frivolously ready to give up even a correct position if it happened to be socially comfortable and conformistically accepted.

Yet truth does not cease to be true when uttered by George F. Babbitt, and at the bottom of his heart (or whatever he used for it) Mencken knew it. Without such knowledge, indeed, this conservative iconoclast, this reverential spoofer, would soon have deserted his confused and confusing business. For it is one thing to tease the majestic law—and quite another to deny, not only its validity, but its existence. Mencken, to his unending pain, trained several generations of libertines, but he was never one himself. He was, essentially, not a defier but a teaser.

Yes, something like the glow of sweet innocence surrounds this figure as it fades out into immortality. When Mencken went out and struck a blow or two at truth, truth could surely take it — and that's why Mencken permitted himself the fun. Thirty years later, truth was prostrated, and raped, and barred from the company of man — and the fun had gone out of the business of teasing. When Mencken sensed the fatal change of climate, he stopped playing the field and took up, steadily, with the American language. For stronger than his need for fashionable spite was his sense of old-fashioned honor. And so, eternity will be kind to him.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Story of a Utopian

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Harry T. Moore and Karl W. Deutsch have had the rewarding idea of presenting a wide selection from the work of Lewis Mumford that is artfully designed to give the whole range of the man. Called *The Human Prospect* (Beacon Press, $1.45), the arrangement includes fugitive magazine pieces as well as "bests" from a long list of Mumford books that are still very much in print. Some of the groupings in *The Human Prospect* accentuate the autobiographical; others put forth the analytical Mumford; and, as must always be the case with any truly representative Mumford selection, the element of prophecy bulks large. Sometimes the prophecy is good; sometimes it is merely windy.

Reading, or rereading, the various pieces from the vantage point of 1956, it is surprising to discover how well Mumford stands up in general. It is also a source of perennial wonder that so good a man can be so persistently wrongheaded in some of his basic assumptions about economics, politics and "planning." Mumford is full of tremendous insights which he contradicts in his conclusions. He pays homage to Patrick Geddes, the Scottish ecologist and student of city growth, in passage after passage that exalt the idea of discipleship—but the ardent disciple frequently overlooks some very important things in Geddes which a less consciously exalted Mumford notes and then proceeds to forget.

I have visited some of the "garden" communities which Mumford praises as fine examples of "community planning," and what has invariably struck me about them is their atmosphere of human aridity. Not nearly enough is left to chance! The parts of New York, London and Boston which I like are the old parts, which grew up with due attention to the waverings of cow paths, or the idiosyncracy of private tastes, or the unconscious acceptance of good public taste. Charleston, South Carolina, is a wonderful place simply because it was unplanned in its manifold detail. The non-prophetic Mumford knows this; he knows that "planning" which does not leave room for plenty of intensive growth along unplanned lines is merely one more way of fitting the human being to the bed of Procrustes. Moreover, he has a text in Geddes which should have warned him against the "planning" fetish.

Geddes, he says, "instinctively . . . disliked the Webbs and all they stood for: their arid utilitarian outlook, their wooden formulae, their wily managerial efforts . . . . he distrusted sweeping innovations and clean slates; as a biologist he knew that small quantities, as in traces of minerals in the diet, might be as important for urban life as large ones, and could be far more easily overlooked by stupid wholesale planning, done at a distance by people who overvalued T-squares and tidiness. Characteristically, one of his first innovations toward improving the congested slums of Edinburgh was not to map out an ideal system of open spaces, but to get hold of every small patch of unusable or unused vacant land, and, with voluntary effort, turn that into a tiny patch of garden or park. The process of 'conservative surgery,' as Geddes called it in one of his Indian reports, was essentially what he stood for."

"Conservative surgery" and "voluntary effort." A dislike of "wily managerial efforts." "Small quantities." Mumford commends and praises these things—and then, on occasion after occasion, ignores them completely.

Fortunately for a world that has need of Mumford's better qualities, many of the pieces reprinted in *The Human Prospect* are on the "small quantity" and "conservative surgery" scale. If I were compelled to single out one Mumford essay for inclusion in a time-capsule, I would pick the appreciation of Pierre-Auguste Renoir. Renoir, says Mumford, was one of those artists whose relations with life were too deep and too harmonious to be disrupted by war, disease or frustration. Renoir painted the "relaxed, sunlit moments whose immediate reward is grace, laughter, ecstasy, and animal health. He makes one feel it is good to be a lover and taste the appeasing sanity of a lover's body; good to be a parent, watching a child's miraculous passages of growth." But could this happy Renoir, this painter of the "sunlit moments," have come to fruition in a Mumfordian world whose "base must be generic, equalized, standardized, communal" (I am quoting Mumford's vision of the future)? I doubt it; and I also think Mumford must sometimes doubt it, too.

Mumford praises the "organic" as against the "mechanistic," and he decries the John Dewey who "dared not embrace dreams and deeds, lest he be smothered." He talks about "confidence in creation." Then he turns around and argues for a "biotechnic" economy that would *"direct"* consumption without interfering with the "organic," without lopping off "dreams" and restraining "deeds," and without undermining "confidence in creation." When one presumes to outline, dictate and control the consumption patterns of people, the shadow of the tyrant looms large on the horizon. It is one thing to try to improve tastes; it is quite another thing to order people about, with the power of the State ranged behind the giver of the orders.

What I miss in Lewis Mumford is

a taste for whimsicality, and a sharpness for the irony of history. His vision of the "human prospect" does not make enough allowance for the sheer perversity of things. Since Mumford doesn't allow for the whimsical and the perverse, he is dead certain that mankind will be forced to choose between universal destruction by way of atomic war or universal peace. We must love our enemies, abolish the bomb, and create the world community! Well, maybe we "must." But what if Soviet Russia disagrees? A little thing like Kremlin recalcitrance is all that is blocking peace, and Mumford can't tell us how to dissolve that any more than the next person.

For myself, I look to be saved by the irony of history, not by any World Order following planned Mumford principles. Mankind will hardly practice the austere virtues which Mumford exalts in many of his "Notes for a New Age"; the human being is too whimsical, too unguided, an animal to accept or follow any such ambitious moral regimen. But there is no need to despair for a mankind that refuses to listen to prophets. In all probability the bomb will remain leashed for the simple reason that no one will dare to provoke atomic retaliation. In other words, we will be saved by fear, not by universal love.

If the prophetic Mumford frequently leaves me unmoved, or in what Mumford would call a benighted state, the "small quantity" Mumford fills me with a pleasurable sense of warmth. Mumford writing about his son Geddes; Mumford on the enjoyment of the seasons; Mumford praising the arts of the kitchen; Mumford on the "rebirth of the family"—these are Mumfords well worth preserving for all the posterity that is ever to come. If Mumford could only persuade people to live by the family, the kitchen, the seasons, then there would be no need to worry about the larger problems which Mumford's "planning" and prophetic exhortation can do little to settle or to solve.

Language and the Crisis of Our Time

Speculative Instruments, by I. A. Richards. 216 pp. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $4.50

In *Speculative Instruments* I. A. Richards brings together a group of papers and addresses prepared over the past fifteen years. The pieces he has chosen for inclusion follow three main lines of inquiry: the nature and resources of language; specific problems of interpretation; and education and the future of the humanities, with special reference to language teaching.

His earlier works were brilliant technical treatises; this one might be viewed as the distilled wisdom of a life spent in the study of expression and communication. More than thirty years have passed since his *Meaning of Meaning* (written in collaboration with C. K. Ogden) appeared, with the effect of divorcing the world of utterances into "emotive" and "referential" terms. He now believes that "this bandying about of 'emotive' has done more harm than good," since it "encapsulated its topic, protecting it from further inquiry." The difficulty which prompted the distinction, however, is still there, though conditions have changed so that referential meaning now seems to be the aggressor. "Science is still animated by a revolt against centuries of oppression and frustration from the emotive functions, which have enjoyed privileges and usurped power beyond their due. If reference now aspires to become the world government and to put them in their place or reform them, that is not surprising. But a self-governing community of studies has to ask whether reference is able to say what the place of poetry and religion is, whether it is able to reform them or only able to destroy them."

The chief danger is that language will be viewed as a mechanistic activity, to be studied by some sub-branch of behavioral science. The failure of the linguistic scientist is that he "thinks of it as a *code*, and has not learned that it is an organ—the supreme organ of the mind's self-ordering growth."

Such objections arise from Richards' conviction that language is inescapably normative. And the same position, it might be claimed, determines his general defense of humanistic education. I have yet to encounter a better formulation of the goal of humanistic training than his phrase "the discernment of relevancies." As soon as value-bearing terms are introduced, the user of language is finding his relevancies with reference to "hierarchical organizations of choices." With that admission, metaphor, myth and religion are again established in the real world.

The most urgent practical need is to find more capable teachers of the humanities. Francis Bacon boasted that he was instituting a kind of knowledge to which even ordinary intellects could make contributions. Today quite ordinary intellects *can* teach most branches of science, and carry forward research on some levels. It is otherwise with literature and philosophy. In teaching the humanities, as in writing poetry, one is not permitted to be second-rate. Otherwise the humanities suffer. "They are the hardest to teach because wisdom, which they exist to cultivate, cannot be cut and dried. Much in other subjects can."

Speculative Instruments thus throws light on some special aspects of the cultural crisis of our time.

RICHARD M. WEAVER

No Time for Introspection

Land of Their Choice: The Immigrants Write Home, edited by Theodore C. Blegen. 463 pp. Minneapolis: The University of Minnesota Press. $5.75

Like all good things, history is the result of a true marriage. The bride is the record, the facts, What Happened. The groom is a visionary man, maybe even a loon, who has fallen in love. Toynbee or de Tocqueville, St. Matthew or Churchill, he brings passion and discovers meaning. He is always more than "objective." A species of poet, he never merely bales his straw; he spins it into gold.

Mr. Blegen is not trying to write history. He has simply gathered material: dressed the bride, one might say. She consists, in this case, of an ample file of letters written home by Norwegian immigrants during their first decades in America. Many of them were originally published in Scandinavian papers, which is not surprising, since the dominant image in all of them is not a particular person and his fortunes so much as the unfathomably rich opportunity waiting for anyone on the other side of the Atlantic.

The Norwegian immigrants began arriving in America as early as 1820, and, contrary to what I had supposed, did not all settle in Wisconsin and Minnesota. Their letters come from Illinois, Texas, California, Iowa, Washington, even Brazil. But the life they describe is uniform: a hard, unself-conscious struggle with crops, land, traveling, weather, material gain and survival. There is no time for introspection, or wondering about what their coming to America in such numbers might mean, or might eventually produce in the way of a new culture.

In his foreword, Mr. Blegen raises this question, and points out that it is still unanswered. The facts are now in, he says. We know that never before had so many different races and traditions come together in the same place at the same time. What we still lack is a "man with the magic touch" who will find a comprehensive pattern and make History of it all.

Well, Mr. Blegen speaks for the Academy, which of course has its cautions and point of view. But, after all, *is* the question of what has made America what it is so mysterious and unassailable? I don't mean to imply that Mr. Blegen cannot see the forest for the trees, but he fails to mention one clue to the matter which is so obvious that it can be seen on the Rand McNally globe my little boy found under his Christmas tree.

West of the Thirteen Colonies, there was a horizon three thousand miles deep which lay across the entire latitude of the north temperate zone of the earth. Shouldn't any approach to understanding America—economically, psychologically, metaphysically—reckon with this sheer quantity of *habitable* space? There were exceptional economic opportunities elsewhere—coffee in Brazil, diamonds in South Africa—but immigrants from all over Europe didn't flock there. And why? Because most of the land was covered with jungle and predatory animal life. Only in America was there so much earth that could be owned, loved, tilled and lived on by individual men.

One hundred years ago both Melville and Walt Whitman sensed the profound effects of this amount of space on the American character and morale. Wherever Mr. Blegen's "man with the magic touch" is, I respectfully recommend, along with these immigrants' letters, a relaxed, not too professorial reading of *Moby Dick* and *Leaves of Grass*. ROBERT PHELPS

Trial of a Trial

The Retrial of Joan of Arc, by Régine Pernoud. Translated by J. M. Cohen. Foreword by Katherine Anne Porter. 264 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.75

The whole world knows of the "trial" (comparable to those of Nuremberg or Moscow) by which Joan was sentenced to be burned in Rouen. Fewer people know of her retrial thirty years later, when, owing to the persistent loyalty of public opinion, an enquiry was held by which she was posthumously exonerated from the charges for which she was condemned, and by which the fraudulence and illegality of the former trial was exposed, along with the villainous coercive methods and threats of torture used by Bishop Cauchon, England's "yes man," not only on the witnesses, but on the clerks who took down the evidence and were forced even to misrepresent Joan's own replies in her defense, as they afterwards complained.

The record reads like a document of modern times, with this one striking difference — that the mock-trial by which Joan was foreordained to the fire was *not accepted as a matter of course.* In the Middle Ages it struck horror into the public mind for the monstrous atrocity it was, so that in the end both recognition of the atrocity and rehabilitation of the victim were exacted, then officially confirmed both by the Papal and the Royal Commissioners after the most minutely detailed investigation. The latter entailed interviews with her comrades-in-arms, her relatives, her judges, her confessors, from nobles down to the humblest peasants and ploughmen; in fact, from every surviving person who had taken part in the trial, witnessed her death, or ever knew Joan personally. It took six years to collect the evidence. Hundreds of people had to be interviewed, and the fact that those who had grudges against her, or doubts of her honesty, are faithfully reported in this document, is a proof that no coercion was used in the retrial of the Saint. It also proves her Christian sanctity and innocence by the overwhelming preponderance of the evidence in her favor. It proves that the Middle Ages were more civilized than ours (not very much to claim) and that ecclesiastical government was more conscientious than ours, since it was able to criticize and condemn its own errors. It is as if, when the documents found in the Reichstag proved Laval (who did *not* run away) to have been a far greater thorn of resistance in Hitler's side than de Gaulle (who *did* run away), an official reinstatement of the murdered patriot, and an apology to his family, were to be made by the French Government of today. Nowadays we dare not even dream of such a thing, let alone hope for it—from *any* government.

One miraculous thing is established by this book on the evidence of contemporary experts. It is that this girl, who could neither read nor write, was one of the greatest tactical and strategical generals in European history, a military genius who in fact revolutionized military history. By the sheer genius with which she chose her ground and disposed her troops, she often dismayed her veteran enemies. It was by the sheerest accident that she was captured—as Wellington was almost caught at Talavera. She was not a mere specialist, like Murat or Labienus—stunt-generals of cavalry evolutions. She instinctively, or by inspiration, understood engineering, fortification, ordnance, transport, rationing, and ambulance work: and she organized garrisons and civilian populations like a Napoleon.

This book underlines and endorses every word of Lucien Fabre's magnificent masterpiece, *Joan of Arc.* The highest praise is due to Madame Régine Pernoud for her commentaries on the various evidence amassed, especially in detecting prevarications and self-contradictions on the part of those involved in the former "trial." She is not only a great historian, as she has proved many times before: but in her legal, forensic precision she reminds us here, charmingly, of Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*. Mr. J. M. Cohen is a worthy translator, probably the best prose-translator alive, as those who have read his version of Cervantes will attest. He has done his usual best on this task.

Joan emerges from this composite portrayal as a strapping country girl with a sense of humor, "completely ignorant" (this is repeatedly chorused) of anything but military matters and her Christian duties. She ridiculed any reverence she inspired.

The hardy, honest, frugal Spanish peasants who live round Toledo speak proudly, to this day, of General Moscardo, the defender of the Alcázar, as being *bueno como el pan*—as good as bread—the highest compliment they know. No better term could be found to describe this peasant saint, a greater general than Moscardo, with her rotund valor and honesty, with a crust of good humor, and a core of the whitest, wholesomest, health-giving sanctity — than to say, "Yes! as good as bread!"

ROY CAMPBELL

Science for Scientists Too?

Modern Science and Its Philosophy, by Philipp Frank. 316 pp. New York: George Braziller, Inc. $3.00

A public which is drugged with the delusion that all professors are scientists may find it something of a shock to learn that one professor feels that many scientists know little or nothing about science. Even the archetype scientist, the graduate in physics, he thinks, "is generally less trained than the educated layman . . . on such problems as are daily discussed in magazines and lectures about the influence of modern physics on human affairs."

Those who say that many professors actually know little or nothing of science, and that some actually use "science" as a prestige device or smokescreen, are frequently condemned as "anti-intellectuals." Any book that helps give such statements respectable status is, accordingly, to be welcomed. And all who have studied the history and philosophy of science, will applaud this particular effort to talk sense about the notion that the academy is synonymous with science, even though many of them may question the conclusions.

Logical empiricism, Frank believes, is the key to an understanding of science which will provide students with an "instrument that is used by religious, ethical and political creeds to muster the support of science." It is necessary only to invent

> . . . a procedure which, with the help of a skillfully chosen system of symbols, is capable of bringing order into our experiences, thus making it easier for us to control them. Truth cannot be sought outside of our experiences. . . . The edifice of science must be built up out of our experiences and out of them only.

Metaphysical issues dealing with causal laws, reality and ultimate meaning must be replaced by mathematical formulae (logical) tested by measurements (empiricism).

Professor Frank makes the case for logical empiricism convincingly and fairly. Scientists who hold other views receive due notice. And even those who disagree with the tenets of logical empiricism will approve Professor Frank's effort to make students aware of the importance of the philosophy of science. But readers should bear in mind the fact that many scientists (Sir James Jeans, Sir A. S. Eddington, A. N. Whitehead, etc.) disagree with Frank's approach, and that even Max Planck and Albert Einstein, whose theories form the presumed basis for the philosophy, had important reservations about its permanent value. And they should remember that strange practical effects often flow from such abstruse theories.

Out of pragmatic empiricism have emerged such doctrines as never-pick-the-baby-up-when-it-cries espoused by the Behaviorists, and "It's okay if you can get away with it," which is the logical extension of John Dewey's Instrumentalism. From this philosophy, through a weird process of unthinking intellectual osmosis, comes the grotesque passion for counting (the comptometer compulsion) among social scientists, whose relationship to philosophical scientists is that of the stock clerks at Los Alamos to Planck and Einstein.

Professor Frank's endeavor, though questionable in its approach, is highly commendable. It is time for scientists to learn something about science.

A. H. HOBBS

Dim Indeedy

Palace of Dim Light, by Edmund Watkins. 227 pp. New York: Comet Press Books, Inc. $3.00

This novel begins in a depression (1929) from which it never emerges.

F.R.B.

Convenient Conspectus

On the Track of Prehistoric Man, by Herbert Kühn. Translated by Alan Houghton Brodrick. 211 pp. New York: Random House. $3.95

A noted anthropologist describes his journeys to various caverns in France and Spain in which may still be seen pictures scratched or painted on the rock walls some fifteen to twenty thousand years ago. The excellent photographs and numerous line drawings in the text provide a convenient conspectus of the earliest art of mankind. Some of the pictures evince a high degree of pictorial skill; others are so crude and inept that they might be mistaken for prize-winning daubs from a modern exhibit of "abstractionism."

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To the Editor

NATIONAL REVIEW of January 18 is simply tops. Outstanding, for my money, is "Inflation, Hot and Cold," by Professor Wilhelm Roepke. This comes nearest to being a truly scientific analysis of the problem of inflation that the American public has been favored with from the press. Nothing could establish more completely the advanced position of your dynamic publication, than this revealing article. And how we have needed such an article.

La Cauada, Cal. H. CLAUDE LEWIS

Every issue received has been factual, interesting, informative and well done. Our sincere gratitude and congratulations . . .

McAllen, Tex. MARCIA MATTHEWS

From the letters that have appeared in your magazine to date, it would seem that so far you have received only congratulatory notices. Fearing that this unanimity of opinion of your readers will lead you to believe that only those who are of the same mind as you are reading your magazine, I would like to venture my opinion that your publication, which was founded upon an admirable idea, has developed into a vehicle for un-subtle sarcasm and sophomoric name calling. . . .

Worcester, Mass. ROBERT MARTINEAU

Now that NATIONAL REVIEW is a reality, I can report with exuberance that I have never read a magazine which I enjoyed so thoroughly. My pride at being a conservative has wavered not a whit even in the face of the Liberal hurricane, but it has been infused with new spirit at the appearance of a most literate and accurate spokesman on the right side.

South Bend, Ind. JACK MILES

For too long a time we have been too tolerant with error, too cowardly to challenge the muddled thinking of those in the communication arts. Today we teachers must almost apologize for presenting truth to our students in the classroom.

The conspicuous courage of your staff in refusing to believe with the "moderns" that "the way to get along is to go along" is refreshing and encouraging to us . . . May your courage not fail; may your unbiased thinking, your ability to unmask error, your fine moral evaluation of men and their mentalities result in a world-wide subscription list.

Manhasset, N.Y. SISTER M. CONSUELA

My congratulations to you on NATIONAL REVIEW . . . . I single out for special commendation William Schlamm's "Arts and Manners"—wisely thought and excellently written—but I should mention at least in passing Aloise Heath's "Fear and Owen Lattimore" and John Dos Passos' "Reminiscences."

Auburn, Ala. T. C. HOEPFNER

NATIONAL REVIEW is a must in our home. Congratulations for bringing us the best in reading. From cover to cover it is tremendous. We eagerly await the postman's ring every Monday morning!

West Hartford, Conn. MAE HAYES

Through my misfortune in having to be confined in a tuberculosis sanatorium I was fortunate enough to become acquainted with the NATIONAL REVIEW. It is the best periodical published today of its type, and there are not many which are fighting the Liberals.

Oak Terrace, Minn. RAYMOND L. SVEEN

I especially enjoyed Mr. Ryskind's article on grammar [December 28, 1955]. For years I've seen . . . [newspapers'] flagrant misuse of the superlative. I'm so fed up with the "largest of any". . . .

Belle Haven, Va. LESTER BARNETT

"Segregation and Democracy"

I feel that you are way off base with your editorial "Segregation and Democracy" [January 25]. Should you be right, slavery would still exist in the southern half of the United States. . .

Pottstown, Pa. MARTIN ULAN

I hope NATIONAL REVIEW may find a writer . . . who will present without passion or prejudice what is usually referred to as the Southern viewpoint on the racial crisis. I do not, myself, regard this viewpoint as regional. . . .

Scarsdale, N.Y. PIERCE JOHNSON

Mr. Clark on the 'New Yorker'

John Abbot Clark's article on the *New Yorker* [Dec. 28, Jan. 4 and 11] was heart-warming and spirit-lifting. I had not expected to find in the *New Yorker* what he found there. And I think you deserve congratulations for putting your editorial finger on the basic values which, according to the *New Yorker's* own testimony, we still have in common with people who politically often have differed from our views.

It makes a great difference whether we can or cannot count on a basis of common values in our public debate with our Liberal fellow-citizens. If those who habitually read the *New Yorker* acknowledge its leadership in those questions on which Mr. Clark quoted the *New Yorker,* surely all is not lost.

Notre Dame, Ind. GERHART NIEMEYER

Far be it from me to rise to the defense of the *New Yorker* or to disagree in the least with Professor Clark's "exposé" of it. I probably have a lower opinion of it than he has. While he has been reading it "regularly, conscientiously, week after week, year after year," I have been practically ignoring it.

I would deem Mr. Clark to be a rather young man, although his title would indicate otherwise. Else how could he be so upset over this smart-alec superficial outfit? His laborious, long-winded effort to prove what is rather obvious, even if unimportant, brings to mind such clichés as "beating a dead horse," "making a mountain out of a molehill. . . ."

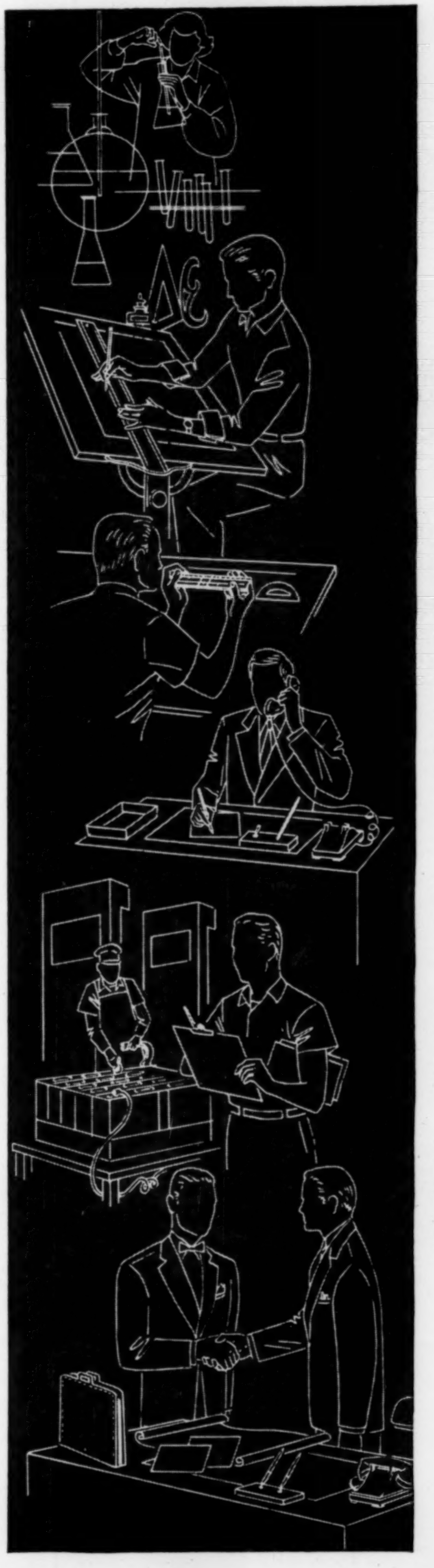
How different, for instance, is Mr. Schlamm's delightfully succinct handling of Wechsler, *Post* and Company!

Washington, D.C. ELLIS O. JONES

. . . Your magazine is one of the most welcome manifestations of the fact that the "fourth estate" is still functioning in this country, to appear on the ideological scene in fifty years!

Among so many thought-provoking articles which have appeared . . . to date, I have especially appreciated the "New Yorker" series by John Abbot Clark . . . The profound thoughts which rose, phoenix-like, from the ashes of intellectual disillusionment, should give many a disenchanted Liberal pause for sober reflection.

Louisville, Ky. LUTHER D. BURRUS



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